Spirit of the Times

OFFICE 157 BROADWAY. NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 21, 1837. VOL. VII. No. 36.

MANGO HAS WON THE St. LEGER.

We stop the press to make the announcement above, information of which has this moment been furnished us by the arrival in the offing of the Liverpool packet of the 24th, the *Independence*. A Pilot, charged by some unknown friend, has brought us the London Morning Post of the 22d Sept., and other papers, in which we find a long report of the race.

For the Great St. Leger of 1837, there were 60 subs. Thirteen started. *Mango* won by three parts of a length, *Abraham Newland* 2d. The following were not placed:—The Doctor, Dardanelles, Troilus, Cardinal Puff, Epirus, Mahometan, Dan Dawson, Henriade, Slashing Harry, The Prime Warden and Egeria.

Mango is by Emilius; Mr. Greville, his owner, wins over 20,000 pounds—say $100,000 by his bets, in addition to the stakes, about $8,000 more. We have not room or time to give a word more.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

A very clever letter from Boston and a very savagerous one from Washington on the subject of *theatricals* are crowded out. If our Washington correspondent entertains any vulgar prejudices in favour of wearing his own hair, he may thank us for preserving it to him, by omitting his letter.

"Rutherford" is informed that the P. M. at Murfreesboro' forgot to mark his letter "*Paid*." We are sorry to find that this negligence on the part of Postmasters is on the increase of late in several places where we have correspondents.

"M B." will have his com. returned on application at the office. We can apprise him of a better market.

Among the passengers arrived this week from England was FRANCIS P. CORBIN, Esq. of Virginia. He goes abroad again in a few months.

Several reports of Races reached us yesterday morning that will be inserted next week.

There is an *on dit* from Baltimore that *Mary Blunt* has fallen lame, and been sent home by Col. JOHNSON. We hope the rumor is unfounded, but our information is from such a source that we are fearful the report is but too true.

CONTENTS OF THE SPIRIT OF THE TIMES.

The *First* number of the new volume, published on the 18th February, 1837, contained an *Alphabetical List of* AMERICAN WINNING HORSES, FOUR MILE HEATS,, during the year 1836—Reports of Races—Matches—On Dits in Sporting Circles—Essays on Blood Stock—Pedigrees, etc, and a great variety of *Sporting Intelligence*.

The *Second* number (25th Feb.) contained the Alphabetical List of *American Winning Horses*, THREE *Mile Heats*, with a great variety of Sporting and Theatrical Intelligence.

The *Third* number (4th March) contained the Pedigrees, Characteristics, and Performances of "the cracks of the day," including *John Bascombe, Post Boy, Mingo, Rodolph*, and *Linnet*, with the usual variety of other reading matter.

The *Fourth* number (11th March) contains a complete *Alphabetical List of Stallions* for 1837—(consisting of 123 of the most distinguished)—with several communications from Breeders and Turfmen in different sections of the country, and other original articles.

The *Fifth* number (18th March) contained a *Complete List of English Winning Horses* of 1835, at all distances, being the only one published in America.

The *Ninth* number (April 15th) contained the Alphabetical List of *American Winning Horses, Two Mile Heats.*

The *Twentieth* number (July 1), contained an Alphabetical List of *American Winning Horses* of 1836, at *Mile Heats*, with a variety of Statistics of the Turf.

☞ Back numbers from the commencement of the present volume, will be furnished to new subscribers if desired. Files will also be preserved at the office for binding, at the expiration of the year, for such gentlemen as wish it.

Things Theatrical.

With the single exception of the Park, no theatre in town is making a penny. Of the nine open on the 1st of September, four only remain. The City went first, then the Broadway, then the Richmond Hill, then Cooke's Amphi-theatre, and then the Franklin. The Trustees of the Bowery not having sunk enough yet, it still remains open; judging from the attraction presented, they appear to be industrious, however, and we have no doubt, in the course of three or four weeks, they will be able to close its doors minus a very snug sum. Next Monday they bring out an operatic drama called "*The Spell of the Cloud King*," of which a Mr. Houston, "for the Trustees," has written us an outrageous puff. This individual modestly assures us in a private note, that the piece "has cost *nearly* the amount" which he has stated in the impertinent puff referred to, which, by the bye, with equal impudence, he asks us if we "will be kind enough to insert in our columns?" We think we see ourselves giving it a place. The *gentlemanly* Trustees, the *honest* ex manager Dinneford, and the *modest* puff-writer Houston are entitled to just so much courtesy at our hands, that as soon as we hear OLD HAYES has made *his* appearance at the Bowery, we will give one of them a puff that shall last him his lifetime.

The National was leased by WALLACK to try the experiment, whether a theatre having an excellent company would be supported in this city without a constant succession of stars. The situation of the house, however, is so much against it that a satisfactory conclusion is not easily arrived at. Certainly the receipts have sadly fallen off since VANDENHOFF's engagement, and had not FORREST been playing at the Park during that time, thereby exciting a considerable degree of feeling among the friends of the rival tragedians, we do not think he would have attracted more than tolerable houses. WALLACK, however, is determined to die game, if his enterprise must needs fall through; he will hold on while there is a chance. He is an established favorite himself, and a season's experience may enable him to carry on the war another year with greater success. But to "carry the war into Africa"—to establish a spirited Covent Garden opposition to the Drury Lane of the Park, a theatre must be erected in Broadway. It should be immense in its proportions, and splendid in its details—a structure that should challenge admiration as an ornament to the city. It should be located between Anthony-street and Washington Hall. No attraction that a lavish expenditure of money could procure should be wanting, while the company, the orchestra, and in fact the entire appointments of the house should be unrivalled. Such an establishment, managed with tact and spirit, would succeed—such an establishment the public want, and such an one *it will have*. With a population more than double what this city contained then, we have no larger or more elegant theatre than we had thirty years ago. The taste for theatrical exhibitions has increased until probably there is not on the globe a more play-going community than this; yet the attraction is no greater, the theatre no handsomer, nor the stock company as good as in former years. While everything else connected with literature and the fine arts has advanced with gigantic strides, the Drama, so far as its professors and its temples are concerned, has stood still. In nearly every other city in the Union within a few years new theatres have been erected, on a scale of liberality and splendor in keeping with the "spirit of the times." In New Orleans they justly boast of a theatre rivalling in size and magnificence the most superb temples of the Drama in the Old World, while in New York, the Commercial Emporium of the Union, the outward appearance of the fashionable theatre would suffer in comparison with a respectable country Poor House. It is high time something was done in this matter. Instead of half a dozen or more brick bandboxes, by courtesy yclept theatres, we want one or two worthy of the name, and of the patronage of the community—one that by its character, appointments, and appearance shall be an honor and an ornament to the metropolis of the Empire State.

The *Bowery* under Dinneford's management netted a handsome sum of money, whatever become of it. But since it has fallen into the hands of trustees, two of whom know no more about managing a theatre than they do about laying eggs, it has steadily progressed towards Jericho. George Stevenson, the 3d trustee, pulls one way, Dinneford, the ex-manager, another, and the other two trustees every which way. A really clever man might have made money with the Bowery this season. HAMBLIN would have done so, and so would FLYNN. Perhaps Dinneford would, if he had had the entire control of everything—but the receipts. Latterly the houses have been so very shy, whatever name was put up, that the trustees must be disgusted with their office. They never made especial pretension, that we have heard, to any managerial talent, and there is no doubt they have "a plentiful lack" of it. We have not the felicity of an acquaintance with either, but hear that one of them is an out and outer at anything "in the upholstery line," while the other can shoe a horse or bail a dishkettle with any man this side of Patchogue. They did us the honor the other day to send us their tremendous respects;—"the same to them and all their families." If we can take their word for it, the names of our Printer's devils have been "suspended" from the Free List. Our compliments and best wishes to see them "suspended" in return, when our boys shall have a holiday.

The *Olympic*, if prudently and judiciously managed, will do the trick. It has already shut up the Franklin, and as its expences are not above $135 per night surely novelty enough may be offered to secure to it a good business. By novelty we do not refer to new farces: the play-going people here require to see new faces. FORREST or ELLEN TREE would not draw there a whole season. The engagement of FINN this week was a judicious step; the moment he leaves give us some one else, and constantly "push on, keep moving."

The *Richmond Hill* theatre has been opened by a circus company. Offers to take shinplasters to coinplasters are current in theatrical circles that the treasurer gets thin and limber enough to throw a somerset down his own throat before the next new moon! No takers.

Miss ELLEN TREE is playing her range of characters at the Park to very fair houses. Mrs. SHARPE's benefit on Wednesday, for which HACKETT volunteered, was not up to the mark of her deserts, because the theatre could have contained a number of people more who ought to have been there to greet so meritorious and general a favorite.

WALLACK has lately produced at the National a new petit comedy of Buckstone's, called "*The Scholar.*" It is a capital thing, and you must go and see it. Wallack sustains the principal character with admirable spirit and effect, and EMMA WHEATLEY does as much for the heroine. By the bye, what is HAMBLIN so busy about just now, that we cannot have a taste of his quality? We have had Forrest's Hamlet and Vandenhoff's Hamlet; let us have Hamblin's. And pray, Mr. Wallack, let us have Julius Cæsar, King John, Venice Preserved, (if you can catch a Belvidera,) Damon and Pythias, etc. etc. ABBOTT's benefit took place on Wednesday; the house was thin notwithstanding a strong bill. A young lady made her debut as *Mariana*, but evidently suffered greatly from indisposition. What with fright and absolute debility, the poor thing could hardly make herself heard across the house. Her friends have great confidence in her ultimate success.

Mr. and Mrs. GEORGE JONES have been playing all the week at the Bowery, but with indifferent success, so far as the receipts are concerned. The company is so shocking that it is idle for any star, however distinguished, to hope to make an impression.

The trial of the slander suit, Mrs. HAMBLIN vs. WOOD, the singer, has been settled by Wood's paying her $1200. Twelve cents was precisely a shilling more than the just claim for damages. BENNETT and HAMBLIN have settled their fracas, and the suit B. vs. H. has been dropped. That is, Hamblin, who is rich, and can afford to pay for these luxuries, subscribes for the Herald, gives Bennett a confounded thrashing, and tells him to "put it in the bill!" Owing to some little misunderstanding about the number of cuffs had and received, the matter was about to be brought before a jury, when the parties accidentally meeting, they "lumped the amount," and on Hamblin's forking out $1150, Bennett pocketed the affront.

FORREST is at the Tremont, Boston; VANDENHOFF at the Chesnut-street, Philadelphia; Mr. and Miss COOPER at Richmond; Miss CLIFTON at Albany; Mrs. McLEAN at Buffalo; Forbes, the Keppells, and Mrs. McClure at Augusta; Plumer and Mrs. Bailey at St. Louis, where Ludlow & Smith have got up Cinderella; Hart's company is at Macon; Marble at Pittsburg with Wemyss; Parsons and Augusta at Louisville; J. S. Potter, the new manager, with Mrs. Drake, at Nashville; Mrs. Gibbs, Mrs. Groves, Tom Groves, Miss Meadows, and "a nice party" more are giving concerts at Baltimore. Ward has Brough and Miss Turpin at the Holliday-street theatre. Abbott opens the new Charleston theatre about the 1st of Dec. Cony, Blanchard, & Co. are at Cincinnati, and Mr. John Jay Adams has just sailed for England to show 'em how to play Hamlet.

Have you taken seats for the WOODWORTH benefit? If not, be on your taps. Madame CARADORI ALLAN makes her debut on Monday week.

LONDON THEATRICALS.

The following we believe to be a correct list of the theatrical engagements for the ensuing season. It will be seen that they are incomplete; but looking at the talent *in* the market, it is very fairly divided, with the exception of Macready, who is now nothing like so attractive as Charles Kean. Bunn's billet, will, we hear, be splendid—all new figurantes; and this, with the re-appearance of Celeste, in original pieces written expressly for her, will, as we think, give the popularity to old Drury.

TRAGEDY.

Drury Lane.	*Covent Garden.*
C. Kean.	Macready.
Butler.	Elton.
Cooper.	Phelps.
Ternan.	Dale.
Mac Ian.	G. Bennett.
	Miss Huddart.
Mrs. Ternan.	Miss H. Faucit.

COMEDY AND FARCE.

Dowton.	Bartley.
Wm. Bennett.	Meadows.
Balls.	F. Vining.
Compton.	Webster.
Buckstone.	
Mrs. C. Jones.	Miss Taylor.
Mrs. Fitzwilliam.	Mrs. Glover.
Miss Poole.	Mrs. Humby.
Miss P. Horton.	Miss Vincent.

OPERA.

Balfe.	H. Phillips.
Seguin and Giubelei.	Stretton and Boisragon.
Anderson.	Wilson.
Duruset.	Manvers.
Miss Romer.	Miss Shirreff.
Miss Rainforth.	Miss Land.
Mdlle. Celeste.	
Mdlle. Giubelei.	

Olympic.	*St. James's.*	*Adelphi.*
Wm. Farren.	Braham.	Power.
Keeley.	Harley.	J. Reeve.
C. Mathews.	T. Green.	Yates.
F. Mathews.	Strickland.	Williams.
Brougham.	H. Hall.	Vale.
J. Vining.		Hemming.
J. Bland.	Leffler.	O. Smith.
Madame Vestris.	Mrs. Stirling.	Mrs. Yates.
Mrs. Orger.		Mrs. Honey.
Mrs. Keeley.	Miss Allison.	Miss Daly.
Mrs. Macnamara.		

The Age of 10th Sept.

The *Marquis of Waterford* is again in hot water. After breaking the heads of the London "Charlies," the same "good turn" has been done for him by "an ancient and most quiet watchman" of Bergen. A Hamburg paper has the following paragraph on the subject:—

THE MARQUIS OF WATERFORD.—A private letter in the Constitutionel gives some particulars of the accident which befel the Marquis of Waterford at Bergen, on the day on which he arrived with his ship prepared for hunting bears. With a company that had come from Hasdanger he began to play his usual pranks in the streets. He returned the warnings of the watchman by pelting him with stones, till being compelled to defend himself, he wounded him mortally on the head with his staff (morning star). His companions, among whom were six sons of the first families in England, (one of them is said to be the son of Lord Ponsonby, Ambassador at Constantinople,) gave out that he was a sailor, and carried him on board his ship, where a Norwegian physician attended him, as he had not one with him. Travellers who arrived at Christiana on the 22d, say that the Marquis is already dead. He is said to have had a fortune of £70,000 a year. The formidable weapon with which the noble Marquis was knocked down is a long staff, at the end a round knob, stuck full of little spikes, resembling the rays of a star, from which the staff is called the morning star. [It is subsequently stated that the Marquis is slowly recovering.]

ATHENÆUM HOTEL.—The completion of this fine Hotel, better known by the name of WINDUST's, was celebrated on Wednesday last by a public dinner in his new dining-room. It was our good fortune to sit down to the bounteous repast; and could so old a caterer as NED WINDUST be in want of commendation, we could tell how exquisite were the viands, and how generous the wines.

At this present writing, the Athenæum is rather *the* hotel of the town, and the great body of the old stagers at the *American*, thrown out disconsolate upon the wide world by the untimely shutting up of that establishment, have fallen back upon Windust's, as their sole support in this hour of their affliction;—the one place needful, wherein they may fitly soothe the sorrows of their late unhappy ejectment from MILFORD's. May their days be long in the land, and may they grow *fat!*—for so shall Windust put money in his purse, and his face take on a fuller aspect!

It will be seen by an advertisement in another column, that Mr. John Dawson of the Original Blue Bonnet House, No. 10 Frankfort Street, has commenced his harmonic meetings for the season. He has also been induced to add another powerful attraction to his establishment in the shape of a Tripe Supper, every Monday night, served up in the true Birhamgham style, and at which the heels and *shoes* appertaining to the "female of the bovine genus of animals" will occupy an appropriate place. The management of this latter affair has been entrusted to the taste and vigilance of an "old stager," whose intense love for the good things of this life invests him with a peculihr fitness for the office. Mr. Dawson's "Tripe Supper" is the only thing of the kind to be met with in the city, and has, from its commencement, been attended with the most marked success.—We are informed that the guests at their last merry meeting "took to their *heels*" in a manner that would have astonished the fleetest pedestrian on record.

Emigrant.

The following is a curious specimen of the style of advertising in Wisconsin. It has at least the merit of originality to recommend it.

Whereas I has got an item that my claim in Skunk Settlement, on the Wabsapinecon river, has been jumped by some foreigners, out-laws, cut-throats, beef-stealers, coming from some poor worn out country, God knows where, Tom, Dick, and Harry—whom nobody knows—rag, tag, and bobtail—of all sects of Christians. Now this is to inform all emigrants to Wisconsin Territory, that there is sufficient land belonging to Uncle Sam, without taking my claim; therefore, take notice, all ye Hoosiers, Pukes, Buck Eyes, Suckers, Corncrackers, Yankees, Flatheads, Wolvereens, Buck Skins, Herring Bones, Spectators, Land Pirates, or what not, that if any one of you has squatted on my improvement and don't absquattle before I get there, I will row you up Salt Creek—grease and gridiron you, and knock you in the middle of next week, so help me Moses.

REUBEN FLACK.

A short time ago, as two French ladies were descending the Pas-de-l'Echelle, a flight of steps cut in the rock, between Salève and Geneva, they were stopped by a man, who snatched a child from the arms of one of them and held it over the precipice, theatening to let it fall if they did not deliver their purses. His demand was, of course, complied with, and the ladies returned in terror to Vervier, and gave information of what had happened. Officers were sent in search of the robber, whom they found still on the same spot in the act of rifling another lady, who was going down alone. The fellow was seized, and imprisoned at St. Julien.—*Swiss Paper*.

The young German Prince, whom we stated the other day to have endeavoured to carry off a pretty actress of the Vaudeville, has renewed his attempt. But the police having been apprised of it he has met with insuperable obstacles, and the consequence is that he has become mad.

THE PENNY-A-LINERS.

The Penny-a-Liners sometimes bring themselves into awkward predicaments by a two liberal exercise of their inventive faculties. They generally, however, contrive, by having recourse to some ingenious expedient or other, to make their escape out of it. Some years ago one of the fraternity gave a "full and particular"—I cannot say "true"—account of an alleged suidide of a gentleman by leaping off Waterloo Bridge into the river. The writer, of course, said he witnessed it, and was surpassingly pathetic and eloquent in the expression of his regret that the deceased should have "committed the rash act." An elaborate description of the personal appearance of the party was given. The body, of course, was not found. The account having appeared in two of the morning papers, two gentlemen called at the office of one of the journals, and expressing their apprehensions that from the description given of the unhappy man, it was a near relation of their own who had been missing two days—wished to see the writer, to make some inquiries as to the identity of the deceased. An intimation to this effect was sent to the Penny-a-Liner, who, on the first blush of the thing, was afraid he had got himself, to use his own elegant phraseology, "into a hobble." However, a thought afterwards struck him which he doubted not would enable him to get out of the difficulty with *great eclat*. He accordingly proceeded to the office where the two gentlemen were anxiously awaiting his arrival.—"Oh, we're very sorry to trouble you; but this is a very affecting case," observed one of the gentlemen, in melancholy accents, immediately upon the Penny-a-Liner presenting himself. "It is indeed," observed the other, sighing deeply as he spoke. "About the unhappy man who threw himself into the river, I suppose you mean," said the Penny-a-Liner, putting on a face as grave of that of an undertaker, and appearing to sympathise freely with the manifest distresses of the gentlemen. "Yes, about the unfortunate deceased," observed one of the gentlemen. "Ay, we're very much afraid he's a near relation of ours, sir," remarked the other. "Would you do us the favour of giving us any further information respecting his personal appearance, so that we may be able to satisfy our minds as to whether or not he is our relative?" he added. "What was the colour of your relative's hair?" inquired the Penny-a-Liner. "Yellow-haired." answered both at once. "O, then, the unfortunate deceased was not your relative: for his hair was jet black." A gleam of joy irradiated the countenances of the two gentleman. "I assure you, sir, we are infinitely obliged to you for your readiness in complying with our wishes." "Don't name it," remarked the inventive genius. "Exceedingly obliged to you, indeed," said the second genrleman. "Will you accept of a couple of sovereigns for the trouble to which we have thus put you?" at the same depositing two circular pieces of gold in his hand. "Really, you are very kind. I am extremely happy the unfortunate gentlemen was not your relative," said the Penuy-a-Liner, putting the sovereigns into his pocket. He went home, and penned another "invention" that evening, respecting the alleged suicide of an "interesting and elegantly dressed female"—all the females of Penny-a-Liners are "interesting ane elegantly dressed"—by throwing herself into the Regent's Canal.

The Great Metropolis.

ORIENTAL FIELD SPORTS.

BY AN OLD FOREST-RANGER.

We are writing with a quill plucked from the wing of an eagle, and fashioned into the form of a pen by means of our hunting-knife, our *skein-dhu*, which, as behoves an old Highlander, we always carry in our garter. We are inspired with very stirring recollections of our youthful exploits, and have thrown aside the gray goose quill as a pitiful implement, unworthy of our lofty subject. We have renewed our youth, like the royal bird from whose wing our pen was plucked. The fire of other days is in our blood—our eye is once more bright—we cast off our spectacles as an useless incumbrance, and we grasp our long-neglected rifle, which for years has slumbered peacefully above the fire-place, reposing on the brow-antlers of a noble stag. The dark spirit of the woods is upon us—the angry roar of the wounded Bison is in our ears—and we snort like an aged warhorse who hath been roused by the trumpet's sound, as we look back, through the long vista of years, on the sylvan warfare of our youth.

Well, well do we remember thee, thou green spot in the wilderness—our forest-home—the scene of our early exploits—the pride and joy of our old age. Oft have the gloomy shades of the eternal forest, in which thou art embosomed, echoed to the crack of our trusty rifle, and oft has the green herbage been stained with the life-blood of the stately Bison. Hurrah for the wild woods!—hurrah for the headlong charge of the mighty bull!—and thrice hurrah for the deadly grooved barrel before which he bows his proud head to the dust!

But hush! we are getting beside ourselves—our unusual fit of excitement has got the better of our wonted discretion; and our much respected consort, who was approaching to administer our usual morning potation of *Athol brose*, hath fled in dismay, wringing her fair hands, and proclaiming aloud that "the laird hath gaen horn wud." We must compose ourselves, else we shall lose both our character and our Athol brose.

So! we have pacified our better half, quaffed our morning cup, and replaced our specs with becoming gravity. The spirit of the woods hath passed away; we have laid aside our rifle, resumed our eagle pen, and the Old Forest-Ranger hath once more subsided into *the douce and cannie carle.*

Now, gentle reader, hie we to the green wood. We left our jungle encampment glittering in the moon-light: the moon hath now set and the forest is shrouded in darkness; but a slight tinge of gray in the eastern sky, and a damp chill in the morning air, announce that daylight is at hand. The distant roar of the prowling tiger, which at intervals "had vexed the dull ear of night," is no longer heard, and the silence of the woods is unbroken, save by the melancholy voice of the great horned owl, as he flits past, on muffled wing, like an evil spirit retiring before the approach of day. Heavy wreaths of gray mist slumber on the calm surface of the river, and all nature is hushed in deep repose. The horses, picketted in front of their masters' tents, stand dull and listless, with drooping heads and slouched ears; and the wearied bullocks may be seen reposing in groups, under the shelter of the lofty banyan trees. The only beings which appear possessed of life in the midst of this dreamy scene, are two dusky figures which are brought out in strong relief by the cheerful blaze of a wood fire, over which they are crouching. One is our friend Heels, who, carefully wrapped up in his dark cumbley, is busied in preparing a pot of coffee as a morning draught for the sportsmen. His companion is a strange wild-looking animal, and deserves a more particular description. He is a tall, gaunt figure, and perfectly naked, with the exception of a tattered piece of blue cotton cloth, which does duty, but very imperfect duty, for a fig leaf. His short woolly hair, flat features, and thick lips, betray an African origin; but his air and manner are very different from what we are accustomed to expect in that persecuted race. He is a Seedee,* a free inhabitant of the trackless forest, and displays all the lofty bearing, and dignified self-possession, of an independent savage. His woolly pate is slightly sprinkled with gray, but his dark piercing eye is full of fire, and his limbs still display all the muscular power and elasticity of youth. He is sitting cross-legged, with a long matchlock resting across his knees, and is indulging in the luxury of a very primitive species of pipe, formed by rolling up a small quantity of tobacco in a green leaf. He observes a dignified silence, and is evidently regarding the servile occupation of poor Heels with sovereign contempt, as he puffs out huge volumes of smoke, and strokes his moustache with a self-complacent air. He had for several years been in the habit of attending Mansfield as guide in his hunting excursions, and always attached himself to the camp during his stay in the forest. He had acquired a sufficient knowledge of Hindostanee to make himself understood on all ordinary occasions, and the wonderful sagacity, almost amounting to instinct, which he displayed in following up the trail of wild animals, made him an invaluable addition to a hunter's camp. He was fully aware of his own importance, dignified himself with the title of Jaggardar, or Prince of the Forest, and comported himself with becoming dignity. He never condescended to act as guide to the hunters, except when in pursuit of Bison. It requires great skill and perseverance in following up a trail, to surprise these animals in their wild haunts; and some little nerve and presence of mind to attack them with success when they are found. He was the only man of his tribe who could reduce the finding and killing of Bison to a certainty. He therefore considered the hunting of them a royal sport, worthy of his superior talents. But if a deer or any inferior game were the object of pursuit, his son, a boy about twelve years of age, was deputed to attend; the old man remarking, with a glance of proud superiority, "The boy can find deer."

Mansfield had announced, on the previous evening, that it was his intention to seek for Bison in the morning; and old Kamah was waiting impatiently to lead the sportsmen into the jungle, whilst the Bison were still feeding and afoot.

"Hugh!" exclaimed he, uttering a deep guttural sound, as he pushed Heels, and pointed with an impatient gesture towards the eastern sky, which was fast brightening into day.

"Hah! daylight come!" cried Heels, starting up; "time to call master:" and wrapping his cumbley more tightly around him, he glided into the tent to rouse the sleeping sportsmen.

In a few minutes Mansfield and Charles made their appearance: the latter had discarded his green hunting-coat and top-boots, and now appeared in a dress better adapted for the jungle; with a hunting-knife in his girdle, a heavy rifle on his shoulder, and all the other accoutrements of a well-equipped shikaree. Kamah rose as they approached, and extended his hand to salute them with the air of an equal. Charles looked with astonishment at this unwonted piece of familiarity on the part of a native.

"Allow me," said Mansfield, leading up Charles, and obliging him to shake hands with the grinning savage, "allow me to introduce my friend Kamah, the Jaggardar; his appearance is certainly not prepossessing, and, like many other illustrious characters, it is his pleasure to affect great simplicity in his dress."

Here Charles could no longer retain his gravity, but burst into a laugh, and Mansfield was obliged to bite his lips hard to avoid following his example. "But, let me tell you, he is a person of no small importance in my camp. He is the best shikaree, and the staunchest hand at following up a trail, in the whole western jungle. He knows every haunt of the Bison as well as if he had reared them himself; but you will be better able to appreciate his extraordinary talents when you have seen him at work. In the meantime there are just three little cautions which I must beg to impress upon you: always treat him with marked civility;—never attempt to disturb him when running a trail;—and, above all things, avoid laughing at him. He is as gentle as a lamb when well treated; but his savage nature cannot brook an insult, and if once offended, his revenge is implacable. I have more than once seen the vermin grind his teeth, and handle his knife, on very slight provocation."

This was, of course, said in English, so as not to be understood by their savage friend, who stood showing his white teeth, and looking very much pleased at the formal manner in which he had been introduced, as well as by the accompanying speech, which he, no doubt, thought was uttered in his praise.

"Well, Jaggardar," continued Mansfield, now speaking Hindostanee, "can you show us any Bison this morning?"

The jaggardar drew himself up to his full height, and assumed a lofty air.

"Can the shepherd of the plain find the pasture-ground of his flock? Does that vulture," pointing to a black speck which was seen sailing high above the tree tops—"does that vulture require a guide to lead him to the carcase? Follow me; the Prince of the Forest knows where to find his herds."

"Come, Master Charles," said Mansfield, smiling, as he hastily swallowed a cup of coffee; "shoulder your rifle and march; our swarthy friend is waxing impatient, and if we ruffle the old pagan's temper he will show us no sport today."

Charles promptly obeyed the summons, and our two sportsmen, bringing their rifles to a long trail, followed old Kamah as he stalked into the jungle with rapid strides.

At this early hour, when the morning air is still fresh and the ground sparkling with dew drops, the tropical forest seems suddenly to burst into life. The woods resound with the buzzing of innumerable insects. The jungle cock and wild pea fowl are heard calling to their mates in wild discordant notes. Chattering troops of monkeys frisk amongst the branches overhead, showing their white teeth, and making threatening grimaces at the strange intruders. The startled deer bound across the open vistas of the forest, their bright speckled sides flashing for an instant on the sight, and as suddenly disappearing, like passing meteors; whilst wandering herds of Bison are now on foot, returning slowly from the open glades, where they have pastured during the night, to the thick covers of bamboo, under the shades of which they find an agreeable shelter from the mid-day sun.

Having penetrated some distance into the forest, the savage guide suddenly slackened his pace, and, making a sign to his companions to keep silent, glided on in front with the stealthy and noiseless tread of a fox, his ears erect to catch the faintest sound, and his lynx-like eye rolling from side to side, now peering into the dark tangled masses of bamboo, and now roving over the ground in search of a fresh track.

"Now," whispered Mansfield, "not another word, as you value the friendship of the Jaggardar; step lightly; avoid as much as possible treading on the dry twigs which crackle under foot; and, mind you do not attempt to fire at any deer which may cross your path; we can get plenty of them at any time; but the report of a rifle, at present, would be death to our hopes of finding Bison."

"Hugh!" exclaimed their guide, suddenly stopping short, and kneeling down to examine more carefully some marks, which his experienced eye had detected amongst the dry leaves and withered herbage. To the less delicate organs of the Europeans there was nothing particularly to be observed, but the Jaggardar had evidently made a discovery of importance. After carefully regarding the signs he had observed for some time, he arose with a broad grin of satisfaction on his swarthy features, and merely uttering the word "Koolgie!"* whilst he held up the fingers of both hands, to denote the number ten, proceeded with a more rapid step, and more confident air, like a hound running breast-high on the scent.

"It's all right now," whispered Mansfield; "the imp has struck upon a fresh trail, and the devil himself cannot throw him out when once he has fairly settled to it; we may, therefore, reckon with certainty on finding Bison at the other end, although it is very uncertain how long we may have to follow it before we come up to them."

Charles smiled incredulously at the idea of any one being able to follow the track of an animal for miles over ground where not the slightest vestige of a foot-mark was visible to ordinary eyes, but, at the same time, expressed a hope that they might succeed.

"Look here," said Mansfield, as they approached a dry watercourse, where the fresh foot-marks of a heard of Bison were deeply imprinted in the half baked mud. "You may now satisfy your own senses that our guide is on the right scent. Here, you see, is the fresh trail of ten or a dozen Bison, at least, and one of them an old bull, who will show fight, I'll be bound for him, and put your metal to the test, my hearty, before you take his scalp; but we must push forward, for old Kamah is fuming at this delay."

After following the trail for some miles, at a rapid pace, the Jaggardar became sensible, from certain signs which he observed, that the game was not far in advance. He now slackened his pace, and, renewing his signal to observe profound silence, began to creep along the bed of a small water-course with great caution and circumspection.

"See," whispered Mansfield, as they passed a bank of wet sand, where the trail was distinctly visible, and the water, which still continued to flow into the deeply indented foot-marks, had not yet filled them up—"we are close upon them now. Keep your wits, about you, my boy, and be ready with your rifle, for the old bull is apt to make a charge, with but scanty warning."

Every faculty of the sagacious savage was now on the full stretch. He crept along with the air of a tiger about to spring on his prey: his rolling eye flashed fire; his wide nostrils were distended to the utmost limits, and even his ears appeared to erect themselves, like those of a wild animal. Presently he started, stopped, and laying his ear close to the ground, listened attentively, then proceeded with more caution than before, stopping and listening, from time to time, till at length it became evident, from the triumphant beam of satisfaction which lighted up his savage eatures, that he had fully ascertained the position of the enemy. He now stood erect, cast a prying glance around, to make himself master of the locality, held up his hand to ascertain the direction of the wind, and, having apparently satisfied himself that all was right, motioned to his companions to follow his movements. Having scrambled cautiously out of the watercourse, he laid himself flat upon the ground, and, separating the tangled brushwood with one hand, began to worm his way through it, with the gliding motion and subtle cunning of a snake. Mansfield and Charles tried to imitate the serpentine motion of their savage guide, as they best could; but they found their less pliant limbs but ill adapted to this mode of progression, and the noise which they occasionally made in forcing their way through a thorny bush called forth many an angry frown from the Jaggardar. Having proceeded in this manner for some hundred yards, they suddenly came upon an opening amongst the bushes; and here a view burst upon the astonished sight of Charles, which made his eye flash, and sent the blood coursing through his veins like quicksilver. They had gained the edge of a natural clearing in the forest, an open glade about three hundred yards in diameter, clothed with rich green herbage, and shaded by gigantic teak trees, which surrounded it on all sides, stretching their broad-leafed boughs far into the opening.

In the midst of this, a herd of fifteen Bison were quietly feeding, perfectly unconscious of the near approach of danger. A mighty bull, the father of the herd, stalked about amongst the females, with the lordly step of a three-tailed bashaw in the midst of his seraglio; his ponderous dewlap imparting an air of grave dignity to his appearance, and his sullen eye, glaring from beneath the shadow of his thundery brow, menacing with destruction the hardy foe who dared to intrude upon his woody dominions. But Mansfield had tamed as proud as he, and feared not his glance. A grim smile of satisfaction passed over the harsh features of the Jaggardar, as he pointed out the stately herd; then raising himself cautiously from amongst the long grass, he posted himself behind a large tree, which effectually concealed his person, folded his arms across his chest, and, leaning against the stem, remained cold, still, and motionless as a bronze statue. Every trace of intense excitement which had so lately strung his nerves to the highest pitch had passed away; and he once more assumed the stoical passionless air of the haughty savage. Pointing again towards the Bison, he nodded expressively to his companions, as much as to say, "I have done my duty; there is the game, and now, gentlemen, let me see what you can do."

Charles, furious with excitement, pitched forward his rifle, and, although his hand shook violently, from anxiety, and the exertions he had made in scrambling through the brushwood, was about to pull the trigger at random, when Mansfield seized his arm with the gripe of a blacksmith's vice, and pulled him down amongst the long grass.

"Are you mad," said he, in a low whisper, "to risk a shot in your present state of excitement? Why, boy, you are panting like a broken-winded post-horse, and the barrel of your rifle vibrates like a pendulum! I suppose you fancy it's a drove of Zinganee bullocks we have to deal with; but wait a bit till you have seen the charge of a wounded Bison, and I am much mistaken but you'll think twice before you risk another shot with an unsteady hand. Here," continued he, pulling Charles behind the stem of a large tree, "get under cover of this, in the first instance; you will find a breastwork somewhat useful before we have done. Now then, sit down till you have recovered breath, and, in the mean time, put fresh caps upon your rifle; I have more than once narrowly escaped death from neglecting this precaution."

Charles, having rested for a few minutes, declared his hand to be as steady as a rock.

"Well then," said Mansfield, rising slowly on one knee, and peeping from the large knotty stem which sheltered them, "we shall put your steadiness to the test. Take that cow next you, and mind you aim for the heart, just behind the bend of the elbow; hit her there, and she is your own; go six inches to the right or left, and you must stand by to receive a charge, for charge she will, and the charge of a wounded Bison, let me tell you, is no child's play."

Charles, now perfectly cool, raised his rifle, took a deliberate aim at the nearest Bison, and fired. The enormous brute dropped heavily to the ground, and, uttering one deep groan, expired without a struggle: the ball had passed through her heart.

In the excitement of the moment, Charles was about to raise a shout of triumph, when Mansfield checked him, and pointing to the Jaggardar, who had already laid himself flat amongst the long grass, made signs to him to follow his example.

The herd, startled by the report of the rifle, suddenly raised their heads with a loud snort, gazed around them wildly, as if to ascertain from whence it proceeded, and trotting up to their fallen companion, began to snuff at the warm blood. The smell of this excited them to a state of phrenzy. They galloped round the open space in wild confusion, kicking their heels in the air, goring at each other with blind fury, and bellowing fearfully, in that deep tremulous tone so expressive of mingled rage and fear. Then, suddenly rallying, they slowly approached, in a body, to the object of their dread, again snuffed at the blood, and again bellowed, gored, and scampered with more violence than ever.

This wild scene had lasted for several minutes, and Mansfield was beginning to fear that in the course of their evolutions the maddened brutes might happen to stumble on their place of concealment, when, as if seized with a sudden panic, the whole herd stopped short, snorted, wheeled round, and uttering one tremendous roar, dashed into the thickest part of the jungle, crashing through the dry bamboos with the noise and resistless fury of a passing whirlwind.

The old bull alone stood his ground, lashing his sides with his tail, tearing up the earth, and bellowing with a voice of thunder that made the woods re-echo for miles.

"Our friend is very pugnaciously inclined," remarked Mansfield, indulging in a low chuckle, as he slowly raised his rifle, and brought the sight to bear upon the broad forehead of the bull, "we must see if a gentle hint from *Clincher* will not bring him to reason."

The report of the rifle was followed by a crash, as if the ball had struck a plate of iron, and the bull dropped upon his knees with a surly growl.

The Jaggardar, uttering a wild yell, brandished his knife, and bounded forward to despatch him, whilst Mansfield, stepping from behind the shelter of the tree, cheered on the eager savage with a hearty shout.

But their triumph was premature: the ball had flattened against the massive skull of the animal, and merely stunned him, without inflicting any serious injury. He had regained his legs before the Jaggardar could reach him; and now, perfectly mad with rage and pain, rushed with headlong fury upon old Kamah. Quick as thought the active savage darted behind the nearest tree, and scrambled into the branches with the agility of a monkey. The bull, disappointed of his intended victim, turned with redoubled fury upon Mansfield. The hardy hunter, well accustomed to such scenes, and confident of his own coolness and presence of mind, stood by the side of the tree, motionless as a statue, his eagle eye steadily fixed upon his mad antagonist, and his rifle on full cock, ready to act as occasion might require: but the weapon was not raised; he had but one barrel remaining, and was determined to reserve it till it could be discharged with deadly effect.

On came the bull at headlong speed—his tail on end, his blood-shot eye rolling in the frenzy of madness, his tongue lolling far out of his mouth, and the white foam flying in spray from his distended jaws. Mansfield awaited the charge with perfect coolness till the furious brute was within a few yards of him, when, stepping behind the shelter of the tree, he allowed the bull to pass in his headlong career, and, as he did so, discharged the remaining barrel of his rifle into his shoulder. The wounded monster uttered a surly growl, staggered forward about a hundred yards, stumbled, and fell heavily.

Charles, who had been watching Mansfield's movements with breathless anxiety, sprang from behind the tree, and levelled his rifle—Mansfield struck down the barrel before he had time to discharge it.

"Gently, boy, gently," cried he; "wait till he is steady; the brute is tumbling about like a wounded grampus, and it is a hundred to one against hitting him in the right place—recollect this is our last shot and must not be thrown away rashly." As he said this the wounded bull regained his legs. "Now then, my boy, be cool; stick close to the tree, and reserve your fire till I tell you."

Mustering his whole remaining strength, the frantic brute fixed his glaring eyes upon the hunters, and, lowering his head, dashed at them with determined fury. But his shoulder was stiff; the life-blood was ebbing fast, and his sight was bewildered. He stumbled over the trunk of a fallen tree—made one desperate plunge forward—his wounded shoulder failed him—and he rolled over at their feet, making the earth tremble under his enormous weight.

"Now then," shouted Mansfield, "at him, before he can recover his legs. One shot behind the horns, and we have him."

A peal of fiendish laughter followed the report of Charles's rifle, and the next instant old Kamah was seen clinging to the prostrate body of the bull, and clutching the hilt of a long hunting-knife, which was buried in his heart.

"He was a gallant brute," said Mansfield, dropping the butt-end of his rifle to the ground, and wiping the big drops of perspiration from his forehead.

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* The wild race who inhabit the jungles, on the western coast of India, are called Seedees. They are evidently of African origin, and are said to be the descendants of African slaves who fled from the early Portuguese settlers at Goa, and took refuge in the jungles.

* Bison.

A STORY OF RIO JANEIRO.

Selected from the Scraps found in a Writing Desk of the late Mr. PETER CHISEL, and communicated by his Executor to the Editor of the London Sporting Magazine.

I had made a bargain with the Captain of our ship for all those stores which had been so hastily laid in, and which proved to be so perfectly useless, and I stept on shore with no more worldly goods than were contained in a large carpet-bag and small portmanteau. The spot on which we landed presented a busy scene, and whilst I stood contemplating the new faces, costumes, and buildings that surrounded us, and beginning to ask myself for what purpose I had come, and whither I was going, I was accosted in very good English by a striking looking personage, with a frank, easy, and somewhat polished style that did not altogether agree with his questionable appearance. He wore a large wide-brimmed hat with a broad band and rosette, purple faded velvet jacket with silver buttons, a tarnished crimson vest embroidered, white muslin trousers that came but little below the knee, bare-legged, and red morocco slippers; his eye was piercing and dark, his complexion perfectly Spanish, hair curling, but "tinged with a silvery whiteness," excepting the mustachios, which preserved their original jet; his teeth white, his throat bare, and bronzed; his age might be about fifty.

"Good morning, Senor! I perceive you are an Englishman. I know your country well—fine, brave men; I saw much of them in Spain when your great General was there—aye, aye! glorious days those; you have no friends here to greet you, and want lodgings; allow me the honor of being your guide. Capitaine," continued he, addressing our skipper, who was busied in giving directions to his coxswain, and whilst some of the merchants were also waiting to speak with him, "this gentleman, your passenger, goes with me; give me leave to take charge of his baggage," at the same time pulling off his hat and bowing gracefully.

"Aye, aye," quickly rejoined the Captain; "don't be bothering now. Mr. Chisel, I believe you may go with him; take my card—you may want to apply to me; good day;" but ere we had got ten yards he hailed us, and holding up his hands in an attitude of threatening, accompanied by a look that seemed half in jest and half in earnest, he sung out, "You, Senor Guiseppe, take care!"

The Spaniard (for such he said he was) again politely bowed, placing his hand upon his breast; and beckoning to a negro, ordered him to shoulder my traps, and then lighting a cigar and offering one to me, which I accepted, we quietly walked for about half a mile over a sandy flat that brought us into a little grove, or rather an arcade, of orange and myrtle trees, emerging from which we reached a house situated just beyond the suburbs of the town, and which, although now but a remnant of an edifice, had evidently been at no very distant period tenanted by some person of distinction.

During our walk an agreement had been entered into respecting lodging. We entered a long, lofty, but somewhat narrow room, the floor of which was of black marble, and were there met by a female dressed in the Spanish costume, tall and graceful, and, although from her appearance she was past thirty, still retained traces of great beauty.

"An English gentleman, Marie," said my guide, "does us the honor to reside for the present with us; let his room be prepared."

As he pronounced the words English gentleman, there was a momentary gleam of gladness lighted up in the face of that unfortunate woman (for such in my own mind I had already determined her to be), as she bent towards me and bade me welcome in English, and with a light step departed, accompanied by a black girl, to obey the commands of her husband. Seated in this cool but darkened corridor, coffee, brandy, and fruit were brought, and I could not help observing that there were carved emblems on the antique silver salvers upon which these refreshments were brought, that evidently denoted they had once ministered at a holier shrine.

"Senor," said my host as he presented me with coffee, into which he also added a sprinkling of the eau de vie, "to our better acquaintance! as you English offer your friendship to each other. I must leave you for a day or two; Marie will be pleased with your society; she loves Englishmen; you will honor me by being her protector in my absence; consider this house as your own. Senor, farewell!"

For some time I could not bring myself to believe that I had not been received into the house of one of my own countrymen with a good introduction; and had it not been for a particular expression, not only of the eye but the mouth, which villany can never altogether hide, and which my fancied knowledge in physiognomy assisted me in detecting, such was the *bonhommie* of the fellow that I should have been quite enchanted with my host; and although I do not accuse him of having at that moment made up his mind as to the precise manner in which he meant to dispose of me, yet something would keep whispering me to beware.

The black girl now beckoned me to follow her to the room that had been prepared for my reception, and, after ascending an easy flight of stone steps, pointed to a door that stood half open at the end of a long gallery, into which I entered, and was forcibly struck with the appearance of my dormitory. The room was very spacious, the walls very thick, and the long narrow windows were those once used as loop-holes in our ancient castles. Two sides of this apartment were covered with tapestry, representing a bull-fight; the remainder was adorned with pictures, some of which were in costly antique frames, and evidently the productions of masters of their art. The bed was very high, and the posts richly gilt. This was of no modern date also; the hangings were faded brown velvet, on which gold flowers were worked; the washing basin and ewer were silver. What could all this be? Was I in the den of a pirate or a bravo? In this mood I paced the room, and confess that something very nearly akin to fear had almost persuaded me to depart immediately; but it was curious and exciting and after arranging my clothes, and examining and putting in order my pistols, was determined to make trial of my new acquaintance, at least for a few days. In this mood I retraced my steps to the apartment into which we were first ushered, where sat my hostess, who had evidently made some little alterations in her dress since she first accosted me, and who now most courteously received me.

Who that has sojourned in this world till the meridian of life, peeping into its nooks and corners, searching for adventures, and mixing frequently with his fellow travellers, that has not occasionally met with persons to whom a formal introduction appears perfectly unnecessary, with whom we cannot feel strange? The intercourse of years seems but the work of a moment; their very character and history are thrown open before us; their good opinion we wish to possess, and their welfare is become already dear to us. Such surely is sometimes the case; though possibly the further we sail down life's stream the more unwilling we are to allow it. Why it is so, I cannot stop to inquire; but such were my feelings with regard to the object before me. Her husband, for such Guiseppe really was, had spoken truly in regard to her predilection for anything English. One of her first inquiries were, had I been long away from my native country? in what part of that happy land did I reside? had I a mother, or sisters, or ties of even a tenderer nature? "Ah, Senor," she continued, "you appear surprised, and naturally so, that I, a foreigner and in a strange land, should feel so great an interest in a country of which I have only heard; but it was once the haven in which I hoped to have reposed in joy and peace; and still are its green fields, and hills, and streamlets, flitting vividly in my fancy; for, ah! they were daily pictured to my young imagination by the music of a tongue that is now for ever silent—by one to whom I was betrothed, and for whose noble form these withered hands dug an early grave."

She rose, and paced the room, evidently contending with intense suffering. For my own part I was affected by that awkward confusion of the feelings that all must have experienced at finding themselves suddenly made the confidant and depositary of a woman's grief. After a few minutes she resumed her seat, and thus continued:—

"Your language and your manner have brought back the memory of other days, and I find that my feelings have carried me too far in the presence of a stranger, before I was aware whither they were leading me; but you look kindly, Senor: oh, if you knew the happiness that it is even now to find some being to whom I may relate the history of a short but extatic portion of my existence! It was a star that rose suddenly bright over the murky morning of my life; brilliantly, but briefly, did it lighten it; but it set, and left my soul shrouded in darkness that has never passed away. At the time the French first entered Spain, I resided with my father, near Madrid; my mother died in my infancy; my father was a warm patriot, and one of the first who fell in opposing the attempt of enslaving his country; I fled from the scenes of devastation by which we were surrounded, and for some time found protection in a convent. This in its turn became the scene of rapine and plunder, and I with a few others were marked out as victims; we were ordered away, and escorted by a party of French soldiers, commanded by an Officer of most coarse and ferocious manners. We knew not whither we were going, and had already suffered from this man's brutality in denying us almost the necessaries of life, when we were surprised and rescued by a detachment of your countrymen. The young English Officer, who now became our protector, by his delicate and kind attention to our comfort formed a perfect contrast to the tyrant from whom we were just rescued. It was some days before we joined the main army; in the course of that time he had offered me his protection. What could I do? Let not those too vehemently denounce me who have never been placed amid the horrors of war, exposed every hour to the caprice of a ferocious rabble or a licentious soldiery, but resting calmly secure in a quiet peaceful home, whilst I was a houseless wanderer without friends or kindred. Was it to be wondered at that I should soon become attached to a being whose manners and person were particularly pleasing, who had saved me in all probability from worse than the horrors of death, and who I was soon convinced felt more than a common interest in me? Be it as it may, beneath the canopy of Heaven's starry firmament our hands and hearts were joined, exchanging with each other a most sacred oath of fidelity, which never was in the slightest degree evaded or broken till death dissolved the tie. For three yeare I shared his fortunes; I learned to bear hardships and face danger unmoved; but never can I attempt to describe to you what my young heart felt in the early days of my campaigning at the sound of the bugle, or of drum and fife, that denoted the prelude to the deadly strife! The hasty farewell, as he sprung from our tent to join his brave comrades—the watching, the listening hour after hour as the firing increased or diminished, and the agony of joy of again meeting him and pressing him to my heart! Amid these every-day scenes of excitement, of hope, joy, and fear, time flew his quickest flight, till we found ourselves encamped before the walls of Bayonne. We felt quite sure that our toils were nearly at an end, and rumors were afloat among the troops that peace was actually proclaimed in England. That night, that never-to-be-forgotten night, we had for the thousandth time arranged our plans for the future. The sketch which he had made of the happy home to which I was to be shortly taken laid before us; we were to be married immediately in France, and in the infatuation of the moment we dreamed not of the possibility of evil. The night was thus nearly worn away as we sat lost in dreams of enchantment. We had talked of happiness till we paused for words, and sat mutually absorbed in thought for some minutes; suddenly he arose, and walked to the door of the tent, and in a somewhat subdued tone I heard him exclaim, 'Would to Heaven that this night and to-morrow were over! —Hark!' At this moment the serjeant of his company summoned him to his post; a distant firing was now distinctly heard; bugles were sounding: the well-known tread and bustle of men mustering was now around us; he hastily buckled on his sword; I turned to search for his cloak, and, having thrown it upon my arm, flew to the spot where but a moment before I had seen him stand; he was gone—no "last words" had been spoken, no tender farewell taken; he had mingled with the mass of brave men who for the last time in that glorious conflict for the liberty of my country went forth to shed their blood. The Angel of Death had marked him for his own; in that deadly contest he fell; and ere Time's dial again pointed to the hour of our parting, assisted by two or three of his comrades, the short funeral rites of a fallen soldier were performed, and my burning tears dropped upon the sod that covers his unknown grave, where the flocks now feed, and the shepherd reclines in security and peace! I immediately left the army, and made my way on foot through the country (unsettled as it was) to the very confines of Portugal, where an uncle and his family resided. They had long deemed me dead, and something like affection seemed to light up the old man's face as he recognized me, and promised me protection for the future. For nearly a year every thing went on calmly, and in some measure my tranquility of mind was restored; but in the meanwhile my history had been canvassed, and the Priests had issued a mandate to remove me to their convent, which I was soon convinced was not intended as a temporary residence, but as a place of perpetual imprisonment. No sooner did the real state of my seclusion break upon me, than in the agony of the moment, Holy Virgin, pardon me! (here she knelt and crossed herself,) I determined upon suicide, and have no doubt should have effected it, notwithstanding the strict watch that was constantly kept over me, but for a chance that soon presented itself for recovering my freedom. During the war Guiseppe had rendered great services to our convent in various ways, and notwithstanding his well-known dissolute habits of life, had become a privileged character, occasionally wearing the habits of the priesthood, and indeed not unfrequently assuming a tone amongst them amounting almost to a command. In his visits he often saw and conversed with me; my person and manners unfortunately pleased him; I did not think it a misfortune at that time, for I would have accepted the hand of a demon had it been offered me with the condition of restoring me to liberty; but better had it been for me to have suffered the direst penalties of the Inquisition, than have been doomed to bear with the scenes of guilt and sorrow in which I have been forced occasionally to mix during the few but creeping years of this my new captivity. As he had decided upon taking me away, asking my consent or that of the convent was a mere matter of form. In my turn I neither withheld nor yielded it. The ceremony according to the laws of Holy Church (the only terms agreed upon) was speedily celebrated, and once more, free'd from the seclusion of the cloister, I went forth a captive. The calamities of the times, which had reduced thousands of our countrymen to poverty, had made my husband rich; and (if such a restless spirit could have settled anywhere) his mind was at the period to which I have just alluded made up to remain in Spain; but an affair happened soon after our marriage, the whole particulars of which I could never learn; sufficient for me to know that he has blood upon his hand, not the stain of the honorable battle field; his victim was the scion of a Noble House, too powerful to contend with, and certain destruction or speedy exile were the only alternatives. Six years have now passed over me in this lonely spot; my husband's visits are transient and uncertain, and the slightest hint at or inquiry on my part into his movements, would instantly be visited with cruelty and insult. Much does he talk of the sea in his dreams. His companions, whom he occasionally entertains here, are reckless men of Ishmael; gold and gems they are ever displaying in their cups, and the tales they relate can only be the work of fiends polluting the earth in the forms of men. His passion for me (or call it what you will) was of course but of short duration; he quickly perceived my want of affection for him, and I had long since been disposed of, had not I, who once pleased him as an idol, been convertible into a useful slave; yet any moment may decide my fate, and I feel my doom is not far distant; and welcome the hour that sets my weary-laden spirit free! Ah, Senor! let not any one of our sex, whom uncontrollable circumstances or sad necessity may condemn to wed with those they cannot love, ever be induced to take such a step in the fatal belief that true affection may be planted in such an unnatural soil, and brought to maturity by the hand of time. Rather let them struggle with abject poverty, and meet the worst diseases that humanity can suffer! At every turn of life's thorny path, they will see the demon Remorse grinning in triumphant mockery over their endless sorrow, and pointing towards them the finger of scorn. To be chained to a being one loathes, to receive occasional caresses (a thousand times worse than insult or violence), of all punishments that heaven has decreed that mortals shall suffer on earth, it is the direst; it is a foretaste of the horrors of the damned, of the 'worm that never dies.'"

Her story was told. I had landed, and been domiciled very early in the morning, and it was now P.M., the weather excessively hot, and sleep for two or three hours greatly refreshed me. As the evening approached I walked abroad, first minutely surveyed the chateau and garden, and then rambled onward till I found myself in the town. In a musing mood I soon found myself amid the busy haunts of men, and as I kept lounging about with the eye of a novice, gazing with surprise and disgust upon groups of slaves in chains, with heavy iron collars, and black men in the military costumes of European Officers, I met my old friend Billy Collins wearing a most rueful countenance, who thus without preface addressed me:—"Mr. Chisel, in the name of heaven where have you been? how could you be gammoned to go away with that strange looking cove? picked up and 'coyed away as though you'd been a lady's lap-dog! You must have been bitten by that madman as we picked up at sea. As you toddled off, saw the telegraph at work: don't like our skipper: never mind: hold your own. Well, I goes with our sailors: they took me to a lodging-house kept by a widow woman, a Merican; clever sharp body; knows everything within a hundred miles of this place; wide awake. Old uncle comes to her crib sometimes from Buenos Ayres: 'rich old chap,' says she; 'you're his son, I guess? tarnation like about the mug: no nephew; 'twont do; I'm no fool, I calculate,' said she. I nods, and winks, and laughs, and says nothing. Puts me into a snug roost, sits down very free and friendly, and seems inclined to be chatty: so I soon asked about that chap as had taken you in tow: knew my picture of him in a moment. 'Can you be trusted?' says she.—'Honor bright,' says I 'Get your friend away,' says she: 'wonderful terrible almighty rich man that Captain Gomez, or whatever name he goes by, for he has fifty here; cares for nothing in this world or the next; does just as he likes; money above all law here; nobody knows him, everybody afraid of him; sticks people at so much a head—nobs and top-sawyers at about a hundred dollars a-piece; families and common chaps much cheaper, and breaks a baby's neck for nothing, for anybody that happens to be a favorite of his: out-and-out Devil,' says she; 'sometimes here, sometimes nobody knows where; dresses in all sorts of forms and fashions, gammons to keep a lodging-house, just to keep up appearances; never takes any money of folk that he invites to his house, but takes board and lodging out in making fun of them: if they kick, cuts their throats; if they are pleasant larking chaps, keeps 'em like fighting cocks: when tired of 'em makes 'em very drunk, sends them away in hampers on a mule, orders them to be tied to a tree in the woods, and sets a trap under them to catch the warmin and snakes as comes after them: if they are alive in the morning, some of his people always come bye by *chance*, set the bait loose, get lots of dollars for the job, and when they hear the tale, always advise them on no account to attempt to see the Captain again: promise to bring them their traps, steal more than half, and so the frolic finishes.' So, Mr. Chisel, come along with me; we'll send two or three sailors for your clothes." "Stop, Billy," said I; "your interest in my behalf pleases me, but the tales you have told of this curious personage have also determined me to give him a short trial; he won't make me drunk quite yet, Collins."—"Well, Sir, no use attempting to persuade *you* out of anything, *that* I know; but I'm blest if I don't keep a sharp look out whilst I am here. Now mind me, keep a good watch; you'll see his first joke perhaps won't be carried too far, but mind me, Billy Collins (good bye for the present), before you've had one comfortable night's rest in that tiger's den, something will happen that you will remember.

And so it was. In less than an hour from the time that I took leave of my communicative friend, I found myself in my lodging, and in the quietude of my chamber; wine and viands were placed before me, and having refreshed myself, commenced reading. Throwing off my coat and waistcoat, I laid myself upon the mattruss; a lamp was burning upon a bracket just above: the evening wore away quickly; it was dark, hot, and still; and with alternate reading, sipping, and occasionally meditating, sleep stole me from myself. How the hours passed I know not, nor where was the mark of time; but I dreamed that I was in London, at the Italian Opera. The scene presented a violent quarrel between two lovers, and the dialogue (in recitative) was carried on with that violence of voice and gesture which we witness whenever any highly-wrought feelings are there represented. In great agitation I awoke, and the same sounds still ringing in my ears, I sprang upon my feet, wondering for the moment where I was;—and before I had time to collect my scattered senses, the door burst open, and with affright and terror in her looks Maria flew towards me, followed by her husband armed with a stiletto and uplifted hand. At the same moment I found myself between the parties, and felt that I was slightly wounded by warding off the blow intended for his wife, and I heard the weapon ring as it fell upon the floor. Guiseppe and myself had grappled in mortal strife: no words were spoken till I found that I was the stronger man—he weakened by the workings of rage, I doubly nerved by feeling that life depended upon the issue. As soon as he was perfectly in my power, in a stern and imperative tone I addressed him —"Guiseppe, or whoever you are, what means this?"—"Senor," he cried, "release me or one of us dies." "To that," I answered, "I have already made up my mind, if any further violence is offered to that unfortunate. Have you so soon forgotten the trust you reposed in me? For shame, Guiseppe! what! shed the blood of her whom you committed to my protection not many hours ago, and under the roof where as a friend and a man of honor you offered me a sanctuary? Never will I suffer myself to do you so much injustice as to believe it.—Rise, Guiseppe, and thank the Holy Virgin that the stranger has stood betwixt you and your wrath, and spared you the remorse of thinking for the remainder of your days on the dark deed you were about to commit." At the same time picking up the stiletto, I presented it to him. He retired towards the door, and quietly sheathed it, and then, in a tone and attitude that will haunt me till my latest day, concluded: "Senor, your generosity has disarmed me; you are perfectly safe. SHE (and his demoniac eye fell upon her) may find protection under this roof till to-morrow's noon; from that moment let her seek it where it may be found. She knows me, Senor; my purpose is fixed, nor Heaven nor hell shall stay me. Senor, she dies."—He was gone.

I turned towards his intended victim, who on her knees before the picture of the Virgin, and with a crucifix uplifted, seemed already to have passed away from this world. the lamp threw its diminished ray upon her pallid face: the tears did not course down her cheek, but her large dark lustrous eyes were dimmed by those just ready to start: her whole form and soul seemed upon the wing, presenting a dying saint on the threshold of a better world, "ere earth was passed away, and Heaven begun." In a few minutes she dropped her hands, and tears came to her relief. I assisted her in rising from the ground, and, taking up the lamp, led her back to her apartment, when, partially recovering, she thus addressed me:—"Do not think me ungrateful, but why did you save me? 'tis but a short reprieve, and now I could have borne it. O leave me to my fate." I offered her protection.—"You know not," she continued, "the country you are in, or those you have to deal with; your utmost vigilance could not prolong my life two hours; nay, your own might be sacrificed in the attempt. It will soon be daylight; you will be kind enough to accompany me to the house of a person not far off, of whom I believe I can ask a temporary shelter; in a few moments I shall be ready to depart."

She then left the room, and returned after a short interval, dressed in a large cloak and hood, and, bowing to me, walked towards the door. With hasty steps and in silence we reached the house of her friend: the knock at the door was soon responded to, and opened by an aged man; pressing my hand, she uttered, "God save you! farewell!" The next moment she was shut from my sight. I stood bewildered and alone. Having marked well the house and its whereabouts, I returned to my chamber, but to sleep no more, and solely with the idea of meeting with Guiseppe in the course of the ensuing day and restoring peace; but he came not, and therefore I again wandered into the town, found up Billy, and related my adventure to him. His little eyes seemed to sparkle with delight. Sticking his thumb up to his nose, and poking out his fingers, he exclaimed, "Didn't I tell you you was giving a chance away? now you'll excuse me, but as you are lunatic'd, I'm blest if you give me the slip any more. Where you goes, I goes. Come (taking me by the arm) to my shop; see the widder; lots of jolly Yankee sailors there; the Captain of the Washington, quite a swell, sails in two days for Boston Town, as he calls it; wish I was going; can't bear the heat here; must find up uncle shortly, draw dollars, and then again for London river."

Led by Billy, I was soon snug in his quarters, and (as he said) the Merikan Skipper was a broth of a boy: he invited us to sup on board his ship; we accepted the invitation, and went with him in the evening. To him I related my tale, and he promised me any assistance I might stand in need of in rescuing Maria. We remained all night on board, and did not go on shore till next morning after breakfast, and immediately repaired to the widow's, when the first thing we heard was, that the unfortunate woman, whose history I have here partially recorded, had been found dead by the guard going their round at day-break in the public street: a stiletto had pierced her heart. Two sailors immediately accompanied me to the house, in which no one was to be seen or heard of but the black girl, of whom we could learn nothing. My little property was immediately secured, and, being pleased with the American Captain, was soon safe on board his ship, in which I agreed for a passage, and the next day we were once more gliding o'er the deep waters of the dark blue sea.

London (Old) Sporting Magazine for Sept.

ROYAL SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

A few days after her Majesty's accession, she missed the attendance of one of her household pages; upon enquiring the reason, she was informed that Sir John Conroy had dismissed him for some very trifling neglect. "Send for Sir John directly," said the Queen. Upon his entrance her Majesty said, "Sir John Conroy, *you* are, I believe, Equerry to the Duchess of Kent?" The Baronet bowed assent. "Sir, I must insist that you never more interfere with my household;" and her Majesty turned her face in an opposite direction.

"Your Majesty will honor the review with your presence?" said Lord Melbourne, inquiringly.

"If I do," said the Queen, "I am afraid it may not please my Ministers, for I shall certainly ride on horseback between the Duke of Wellington and Lord Hill." Lord Melbourne said no more about the review.

On Saturday, the 8th of July, her Majesty expressed her wish to Lord Duncannon that Buckingham Palace should be ready for her reception on the following Thursday. The Chief of the Woods and Forests assured her that it would be impossible. "My Lord," said the Queen, "I have a particular reason for wishing to dine there on that day—you must try to oblige me." On Lord Duncannon's arrival at his own house, he found a command to dine with her Majesty at Buckingham Palace on Thursday, the 13th. There was no mistaking this.

"Is that your Majesty's opinion?" said the Premier, when about to quit the presence the other morning.

"That is *my* opinion, my Lord," replied the Queen, "but I am instructed to defer to the opinions of others."

"D'Israeli expects, I hear, to cut a figure in the House," observed D'Orsay to Duncombe. "He must alter his course," rejoined the pet of Finsbury, "or if I mistake not, the House will cut him."

"What the devil could that fellow, Shakspeare, mean," quoth Wombwell to Fitzjordan, "by putting into the mouth of Glo'ster the following sentence—"I am myself alone?" "Mean," rejoined Fitz, "why, doubtless, he meant to convey the idea that, as *a loan*, Glo'ster was ready to *lend* himself to any and every atrocity." This able commentary was received by Chim with the warmest expression of approbation.

The Economist Outwitted.—Lord Stowell, whilst he was convalescent, and in the pure spirit of economy, to save the legacy duty, gave all his property to his son, recently deceased. This act of *disinterested affection* will render it necessary for Lord Stowell, as his legal representative, to administer to his son's effects, by which he will be compelled to pay a larger duty than the property would otherwise have been subject to, had it been left in the usual way.

Varieties.

From the Age, Satirist, Sunday Times, and Figaro in London.

A patent has just been obtained for an improved "tile." We have not seen the shape of the new article, but we are pleased to find that the spirit of invention is making itself *felt* among the hat-makers.

We sometimes meet with juries possessed of extraordinary sagacity; and we cannot too highly extol the parties who returned a verdict respecting the Medway steamer. They declared that nobody was culpable from the captain to the stoker, and consequently all the blame was thrown upon the fire that heated the boiler. It is certainly very clear that if there had been no fire the steamer would not have been burnt; yet we cannot help thinking that there would have been no fire if there had not been a person to light it. Neither accident, malice, nor mismanagement is discovered; we must, therefore, ascribe it solely to the villany of the stove.

We are pompously told in the papers that it was "Dr. Simon, of Exeter," who ascended with Mr. Green in the great Nassau balloon on Monday. It is extremely proper that the fact should be announced, as the "simple Simon" who went up on that occasion might, on coming down again, sink into his accustomed obscurity.

"Who stays in town?" asked Fitzjordan of his friend Wombwell. "Upon my word I can't tell," rejoined he of Zoological celebrity, "but this I know, however, that Mrs. W. *stays*, and has done so for some time, at Madame St. Anton's."

Eleanor Lowther has often occasion to "hesitate" her "dislike" at the coarse demeanor of that half-bred *parvenu* Lyne Stephens. The latter imputes it all to the education given him by his port-selling papa, willingly admitting that "in the study of politeness" he never got farther than the *rude*-iments.

The reduced income of the Duke of St. Alban's causes him to exclaim—"Othello's occupation's gone." Had he attended more to his *occupation* in the lifetime of the Duchess, his allowance would probably have been more liberal.

The name of Mrs. Norton was brought up at the royal dinner-table a few days ago, and it was remarked by some one present, that there were many portraits of her in existence. "Yes," remarked the Queen, with all the quickness of George the Third, "I have heard she is a lady that has been very *freely canvassed*." The guests were convulsed with laughter beyond the rules of royal decorum.

It is mentioned in a provincial print, as "one of the advantages of a thick skull," that a carman had a cart-wheel pass over his head without sustaining any damage. We fancy that Richards, ex M. P. for Knaresborough, Horace Twiss, drunken Kearsley, and some other profound blockheads that might be mentioned, must "hide their diminished" sconces after this. For thickness of skull, we imagined that these persons could not be surpassed; but we will not answer for a cart-load passing safely over them, in spite of the preternatural density with which they are blessed.

A Puff for the Queen.—In the course of the evening, after the dinner at the Town Hall at Windsor, a new glee in praise of Queen Victoria was sung, and announced as the composition of the Rev. Henry Butterfield, a minor canon.—Butterfield has certainly shown that he knows how to *butter*, for he has laid it on particularly thick in praise of her youthful Majesty. We should not wonder if this *minor canon* thinks himself a *great gun*. He knows how to fire a Royal salute at any rate.

Foreign Correspondence Extraordinary.—The papers every day contain about a column of foreign intelligence of no possible interest, and concerning a number of illustrious obscure, *of* whom we know, and *for* whom we care, precisely nothing. The following are a few selections from our own foreign correspondence:—

TUNIS.—The Sultan has been looking extremely black all the morning. Achmet Ben Bilker, the Sultan's chief adviser, has recommended a tax upon toenails as a means of replenishing the Government Treasury.

EGYPT.—A curious insect has been found in the pyramids, which is said to resemble the common English bug. All the *savans* of Egypt are in ecstacies, and the authorities have offered the use of one of the palaces for the discussion of its properties.

PALERMO.—The cholera continues to rage, and Count Tolderiddledoldo, the Neapolitan agitator, has beeen attacked by it. The public securities are in the shyest possible state, and a bank note for two carlini (eightpence halfpenny) has been refused by one of the large commercial houses.

ROME.—The Papal Government is all at sixes and sevens. Cardinal Daffydillo has refused his adhieson to the Bull on the subject of whitewashing the interior of the Vatican. The Pope walks about gloomy and abstracted, with his hands in his breeches pockets, and his eyes fixed on vacancy. The Papal *see* is threatened with extermination by a cataract that is forming over the eye of his Holiness—three of the most turbulent of the Cardinals have been walking arm-in-arm all the afternoon up and down the Piazza del Popolo. There is some talk of Russia interfering, but the Czar knows nothing at present of the difficulties with which the Pope is environed. A large quantity of pancakes have been dissipated to Bologna, but with what intention or for what purpose has not transpired. At all events our Ambassador is very properly pursuing a neutral course, accepting invitations to dinner from all parties, but returning them to none, for fear anything he might do should be interpreted as a preference.

Ballooning is progressing wonderfully, and we may expect that the management of Covent-garden will be obliged to have recourse to it; as Shakspeare, under Macready's auspices, will prove but miserably attractive. An example has been set by a provincial manager who announces that "a balloon will rise from the extremity of the stage to the ceiling of the theatre, and when at its utmost elevation will expand and shower down upon the audience a profusion of toys and twelve free admissions for the following evening." This is quite worthy of the genius of Osbaldiston, and probably Macready may have caught his mantle.

Mr. John Stultz presents his Kompliments to the Edditor Of the *Satyerist*, and begs through This meadium to Kontradict the story about attemting to shute Mr. and Mrs. Bagley on the Knight of his fate at fulham. He did No such thing: And the small box in his Hand, when he akkosted Mrs. Bagley, was a needle case Wich he Invariable carrys about with Him And which never, in No one instance, allarm'd any lady before. My friend, Mr. Horris Twiss, esquire, King's Kouncel, can vouch for this. That learned Gentleman was at the fate and was privy to the whole Transackshun from beginning to End. Satirist.

On its being hinted to Alvanley that Lady Fitzroy Somerset meant to discard him, he replied, "Well, it will be no *honor* to *cut* me."

"The *Medway* is burnt to ashes," exclaimed Hillsborough to his friend Castlereagh as he took up a paper. "That then," rejoined the simpleton lordling, "is the true illustration of the Kentish *fire*. We shall next hear of some incendiary setting the Thames in a blaze. These are shocking times!"

Speaking of the Fulham "fate," and of the attack made upon his grounds by the vulgar market gardener and his friends, Baron Snip said—"The dirty lettuce-growers actually made two breaches into my ground." "What!" exclaimed Twiss, "two—that was carrying coals to Newcastle with a vengeance, to present *you* with a *pair of breaches*." Snip threatened "Horris" with a suspension for this ill-timed joke.

"St. Alban's must be much distressed at the death of the Duchess?" remarked a friend to Fred Beauclerk. "Quite the reverse, I assure you," rejoined Fred, "for he has an annuity of ten thousand per annum, so that *distress* is quite out of the question."

When Parvenu Stevens made a proposition of marriage to Duvernay, which she asserts he did a few weeks back, the fair *danseuse* replied, she had no objection to be *transported* for a few months or even years, but she loved liberty too well to be a prisoner for life! As a mistress, woman can enslave man—as a wife, she is the slave of her husband!"

"You look fifty per cent. better," observed Sykes to his "impertinent" friend, as he escaped from the sanctum of a money-lending sheriff's officer. "Better!" exclaimed the Israelite, "it is a mistake, for upon a fair calculation of interest I am something like *one hundred per cent.* worse."

Poor dear Mrs. Stultz, on the night of Baron Snip's "fate" at Fulham, became so dreadfully alarmed when she saw her husband sally forth pistol in hand to attack Mrs. Bagley, that, but for the prompt assistance of Doctor (?) Granville, who of course was present, she would assuredly have fainted. The worthy doctor, however, laid the lady down, a certain cure for syncope, and the baroness was herself again in a few minutes. The Baron, the most courageous man alive, happily committed no further violence than to present himself to Mrs. Bagley, who scared the tailor with a threat of annihilation.

Anecdote of the late Duchess of St. Alban's.—In the year 1806 Miss Mellon called one Sunday afternoon on her old friend Mr. B., whom she had not seen for some years; after tea he told her it was his custom to go to church in the evening, and begged she would excuse his leaving her. She at once assented, and agreed to go with him to hear the Rev. W. A. Gunn, at that time a most deservedly popular preacher in London. On her way home she expressed herself delighted at "the native talent and the Scriptural eloquence" of Mr. Gunn, and in about three weeks after, she repeated her visit to her friend, and said, "I am come to again accompany you to hear Mr. Gunn." Mr. B. replied, "You will never hear him again." "Why not? What's the matter? What has happened?" "He is dead, Madam?" "Dead!" she exclaimed, "then what can I do for his sake? Was he poor? Had he a wife? Had he a family?—Pray tell me what I can do?" "There is but one thing you can do, Madam, that is to assist his congregation in raising a monument to his memory."—"Then pray, Mr. B., get it done immediately, and I will pay for it." Her wish was complied with, and a handsome tablet was placed in the Broadway church, Westminster.

THE SPIRIT OF THE TIMES.

NEW-YORK: SATURDAY MORNING, OCTOBER 21, 1837.

THE BEACON COURSE.

As we suggested last week, the "*Beacon Course*" has been selected for the name of the beautiful race track now making at Hoboken, opposite this city. It will be seen from the Proprietors' advertisement on the last page that a meeting will be held on it this Fall, commencing on the 7th of Nov., the week following the races on Long Island. All the world and his wife will be there, and we indulge the most sanguine anticipations of fine sport. The "entertainments will conclude" with a *Mule Race*, for which a purse will be given. Lots of them will be in active training before Monday, and no doubt some of them will "run it into the ground" before the fun is over.

☞ In consequence of the meeting on the Beacon Course, the regular Fall Races over the Eagle Course, Trenton, are postponed until the succeeding week. Mr. BROWN desires us to state that the Trenton meeting will positively commence on the Second Tuesday of Nov., the 14th inst.

☞ The *Camden and Philadelphia Races* commence next Tuesday. A great number of stables are expected from Maryland and Virginia, as well as from New Jersey and Long Island. The track is said to be in fine order, and Mr. FRIEND has his Hotel in readiness for the accommodation of his patrons. Give him a house warming next week.

SALE OF BLOOD STOCK AT TRENTON.

Our subscribers will find enclosed in their several papers to-day a handbill containing a list of the valuable *Blood Stock* of Capt. R. F. STOCKTON, of Princeton, N. J., which will be offered at public sale during the ensuing races at Trenton. The different lots include Stallions, Brood mares, and horses in training of the most fashionable blood. The public sale of this stud will afford breeders an opportunity of supplying themselves with the choicest stock on very moderate terms. Indeed, we are assured that *bargains may be had*, and that the terms of sale will be exceedingly liberal. The character of this stud is so well known and appreciated throughout the country, that any commendation from us would be manifestly improper, and we therefore merely call attention to the fact of the sale, and advise breeders and turfmen to examine the stock.

CENTRAL COURSE, BALTIMORE.

The result of the races on the two first days only had reached us when our paper was sent to press. Col. Wynn's *Picton*, by imp. Luzborough out of Isabella, won the sweepstakes of 15 subs. at $1000 each, $250 ft., beating Hare's *Chifney* by Sir Charles, and Johnson's own sister to Collier, in 3:53 each heat.

The CRAIG PLATE of $500 value, on Wednesday, was won by Col. Wynn's b. f. *Tipton*, another Luzborough, dam by Director, beating *Red Rat* and *Mary Selden* in 3:49—351.

The entries for the Three mile heats purse on Thursday, were Boston, Cippus, Red Rat, and Camsidel.

Challenge to Andrew Jackson by Daniel D. Tompkins.

We are desired to state that *Daniel D. Tompkins* will trot *Andrew Jackson* for $2000 aside, Two mile heats, under the saddle, any day during the ensuing race meeting at Trenton, N. J., over the Eagle course, or upon any day of the present month, the usual notice being given of the particular day. Communications on the subject may be addressed to the Editor of the Spirit of the Times.

NATIVE AND IMPORTED HORSES.

The writer of the following note will be recognized at once by our readers as one of Tennessee's most gifted and distinguished sons. In acknowledging our indebtedness for previous communications from the same source, we cannot forbear the expression of our gratification that in "P. of T." the Turf finds so eminent and eloquent an advocate.

NASHVILLE, (Tenn.) Oct. 3, 1837.

DEAR SIR,—The experiment is making, whether the *ancient* English importations or the *modern* importations from England are best adapted to the propagation of *four mile* stock. If the ancient, then where that blood can be found descended through pure channels, it is to be preferred: if the modern, we should certainly prefer that.

I, Sir, am breeding from both, upon a scale which promises success, if it is to be attained, by no inconsiderable expense. I have no other object in view by enclosing for insertion in your paper an extract from the letter of an intelligent and spirited breeder, now in England, than to elicit the views of well-informed gentlemen upon a subject of interest to all American breeders.

W. T. PORTER, Esq. I am, very respectfully, P. OF T.

The following is an extract from the letter of an American gentleman abroad to his friend in Tennessee.

EDINBURGH, 29th July, 1837.

"DEAR ——: Your letter reached me here about a week ago; had I received it before I left London I would have gone to see *Emilius* (the sire of *Priam*.) He was some twenty-five miles from Newmarket, where I attended the races as I came along; but I am now between three and four hundred miles from him, and do not expect again to be nearer than two hundred miles.

"He is very old, and I hardly think would stand the voyage. [The gentleman to whom this letter was written had proposed to the writer to buy *Emilius*, on their joint account, for importation to America.] *Priam* was no doubt one of the best race horses England has produced since *Eclipse*.

"But an English race horse *now* and *then* are two very different things, and nothing can be more different than the qualities required in the race horse here (England) and with us (in America). Here speed alone is required. It is all quarter racing, or very near it, taking five times as long to start as to run.

"Before I saw any English racing I saw a race at Paris, one Sunday, (they always run there on Sundays.) The jockeys mounted their horses and cantered them up and down the course, before the race, to put them on their mettle. I could not help thinking of an American "*Old field half-pint match*;" but what was my surprise to see the same thing done the other day at Newmarket. If it were not that they start some fifteen, twenty, or more horses at once, and they come down like a rush, a race here would hardly be worth seeing, for you do not get three good sights before it is all over. They run as much as possible on straight courses, and mostly half mile and mile races: you see almost nothing. The great interest which they themselves take is in the betting, which in such a crowd, and when there is so much jockeying and false starting, is little more than a sort of raffle. Of course they whip and spur from the word "go," and make short comparative time—a rush, and all is over; but which beat not even the jockeys themselves know. To me it is poor fun, but as it is *English*, there are enough of our countrymen who think it fine, and John Bull himself believes firmly that there never was and never can be anything like it in the world.

"There are only two four mile horses in England, (I mean on the Turf,) *Touchstone* and *Bay Middleton*, and those do not repeat. You may judge therefore what different qualities are desired in race horses with us, where bottom is the first essential, and where no horse is considered anything who does not run Four mile heats. Our three quarter bred Mile and Two mile horses would be first rate horses here, and I think we would do nearly as well to breed from them as from most English stallions. The imported horses will no doubt get *Stake* winners, but wait till they are called on for four mile *heats*. It is very clear that the style of running here will not improve the breed of horses, and that you may understand why the English will indulge in it, I refer to the excitement of the betting, which has destroyed the genuine love of racing. The more untried horses there are in a race the greater the uncertainty and excitement, and untried horses will not be entered except for short races. The heavy weights have been adopted as a substitute for long races. They test strength, not wind, and even such short races tell at the moment. The nags are dreadfully jaded by them, and seldom *can repeat*.

"You would be astonished how few attend the races, or care a fig to see them, except a few of the most fashionable, who go not to see the racing, but the turn-out of nobility, &c. &c.

"The betting is nearly all done at Tattersall's, in London, long before the day, by persons very often, almost generally, who never saw and never expect to see the horses or the races. So much for the races.

* * * "I shall purchase no stock. * * *

"I have no doubt that horses might be selected in America at any time, that would come over here and win every long race in England."

Match—Union Course, L. I.

FRIDAY, Oct. 6, 1837.—Match, $500 a-side, Single mile.

I. S. Snedecor's gr. f. by Henry, dam by Eclipse, 4 yrs. 101 lbs.	1
Maj. Wm. Jones' b. c. by Sir Lovel, dam by Eclipse, 3 yrs. 90lbs.	2

Time, 1:51.

The above match came off the day after the regular races, first Fall meeting. It was a clipping race from end to end, and excited considerable interest among the limited number of "knowing ones" present.

CENTREVILLE (L. I.) TROTTING COURSE.

The annual Fall meeting commenced on Tuesday last with prospects of fine sport, that were hardly realized, all things considered. The disappointment arose from the unlooked-for withdrawal of *Andrew Jackson* on the first day, under circumstances that imperatively demand explanation. The entries for the purse were *Daniel D. Tompkins*, *Andrew Jackson*, *Fire King*, and *Locomotive*. The day being fine, a large concourse of spectators were assembled, and the betting was heavy. The field against D. D. Tompkins was current early in the morning, but after the horses were brought on the track, 100 to 75 was offered on him. Andrew Jackson was the main dependance of the backers of the field, 100 to 25 being offered vs. Fire King, and 100 to 15 vs. Locomotive. A half hour or more was occupied in endeavoring to get a fair start, during which time the betting was briskly going on; we have no doubt more money was laid out about this single race than there was during the entire Club meeting on the Union Course. At this stage of the matter, Mr. JOHN R. SNEDIKER, one of the Judges, (Mr. HICKS was the associate Judge,) announced that *Andrew Jackson was withdrawn!* That the scandalous character of this circumstance should be fully comprehended, we desire to impress it upon the reader's mind, that it was not done until after a dozen false starts were made, and every inducement given the public to believe that it was the intention of the parties concerned to start him. We will not take it upon us *to assert* that the race was "made safe" by certain parties who had "put their foot in it," but we *believe* one of the owners of Andrew Jackson was paid the amount of the purse and his expences to withdraw him. At any rate, withdrawn he was, and hundreds were "chisseled," and regularly "done" out of their money by this outrageous and barefaced humbug. It was no sooner announced that Jackson was drawn, than 100 to 25 was offered on Daniel D. Tompkins against the field, and no takers. In fact the field had no chance, nor was there any loop-hole of retreat through a "hedge." The fielders were "stuck," bamboozled, and "done brown." It may be as well to hint to owners of trotting horses that scenes like the one just noticed cast a reflection upon themselves, whether obnoxious to censure or not; and if they have any regard for their characters as sportsmen and men of honor, transactions of this sort must be sifted. The occasional occurrence of these scenes, and the suspicion of foul play they have engendered, has driven from the trotting course the great majority of those who are fond of the sport, until it is considered almost disreputable to enter a trotting horse for a public purse, or even own one. We know dozens of gentlemen in this city owning "crack" horses, who on this account would not have publicity given to their names for the price of their nags. The public are beginning to regard a trotting race as a regular "*do*," and unless the men of character who still participate in the sport clear themselves of any imputation, by at once ruling off the course those who disgrace it by attempting or accomplishing anything like foul play, trotting courses, and everything pertaining to them, must "go to pot." As regards the race under discussion, no reflection can rest upon either the proprietor of the course or those interested in the other entries. They had neither lot nor part in the matter. It need not be urged that Andrew Jackson (thank Heaven he was from Philadelphia) was out of condition; if he was, that fact was fully ascertained before a dozen attempts to start were made. No, he was only withdrawn until it was believed he could not win, and until opportunity was given *the sharps* to "come down" on the *flats*. The latter were effectually "cleared out." The half owner of Andrew Jackson, who was present, may claim that as the horse was his property, he had a right to trot or draw him, as he chose. If such a right is acknowledged, then we have only to urge that his horse was brought on the track, and attempts were made to start him with the field, simply with a design to gull the public. He is welcome to choose either horn of the dilemma, and it is only left for us, as the conductor of an honest and impartial sporting press, to warn the public how they risk their money on a horse whose owners will trot him or withdraw him as suits their interests, without any regard to those of the public.

The Trot.—Fire King, who had the track, led off at a rattling pace, with Locomotive well up, while Daniel D. T., well in hand, waited upon them a few lengths in their rear. This relative position was maintained unto the half mile post in the 2d mile, where Daniel D. T. pressed Locomotive, and he broke up. Daniel soon lapped Fire King, and after a severe brush Fire King also broke, and Daniel passed. Locomotive having got his stroke again, also passed Fire King, and came in 2d, Daniel winning the heat by half a dozen lengths. Fire King was now drawn, though his performance thus far had realized the anticipations of his friends. Had Peter Whelan, who rode him, suffered Daniel D. to pass, and then had come again on the last quarter, winning the heat would not have been quite so easy as falling off a log. Fire King should not have led the field: it was not his play. If he could have been well up with Tompkins at the the gate on the last mile, we should probably have had "broken heats" at least. The second heat was pretty well contested by Daniel D. and Locomotive, both of whom broke up, and the latter twice, from which he came in nearly a distance behind. The time was excellent, being made 5:16½—5:11½ by the Judges, though several gentlemen known as accurate timers made the last heat 5:13.

The *Second Race*, in Harness, brought out three very promising goers, in *Unexpected*, *Lady Hamlet*, and *Polly Ogden*. They went off at a fair rate, and Unexpected led the field nearly the whole first mile; at the stand all three were abreast, and as they passed the gate the hubs of the wheels touched. Before they reached the half mile post, Lady Hamlet bolted into the bushes, and deposited her sulky bottom up, and Goodrich upon the top of a shrub oak. He soon reached terra firma—righted his drag, and was once more in motion, when Lady Hamlet frightened again by a "Ghost," once more "upset his apple-cart," and his chance was out. Polly Ogden broke up inside the gate, and Unexpected won the heat unexpectedly by three lengths. The second heat, trotted in half a second less time, resulted in the same way, Unexpected leading from the start to the finish. Report:—

TUESDAY, Oct. 17, 1837.—Proprietor's Purse $200, free for all trotting horses carrying 145lbs. Two mile heats, under the Saddle.

Jesse Gilbert's s. g. *Daniel D. Tompkins*	George Young.	1	1
Albert Conklin's s. g. *Locomotive*	Albert Conklin.	2	2
Peter Wheelan's gr. g. *Fire King*	Peter Wheelan.	3	dr
John Weaver's bl. h. *Andrew Jackson*	John Brady	dr	

Time, 5:16—5:11½.

SAME DAY—*Second Race.*—Purse $100, free for all trotting horses that never won a purse over $50. Weight in harness, 145lbs., the same as under the saddle. Two mile heats, in Harness.

Mr. Lewis' b. g. *Unexpected*	Owner.	1	1
G. Edwards' s. m. *Polly Ogden*	Owner.	2	2
Mr. Goodrich's br. m. *Lady Hamlet*	Owner.	bolt.	

Time, 5:48½—5:48.

The attendance on the second day was "very fair," as well as the sport, for "green horses." The report is to the following effect:—

WEDNESDAY, Oct. 18.—Purse $100, free for all horses that never trotted for money; wts. as before; Two mile heats, under the Saddle.

F. Goodrich's gr. m. *Emma Wheatley*	Whelpley	1	1
H. Woodruff's b. g. *Patrick Henry*	Hiram Woodruff.	2	2
W. Young's bl m. *Bonny Black*	George Young	3	3
C. Bertine's b. g. *Dummy*	C. Bertine	dis	
P. Wheelan's b. g. *Unknown*		dr	

Time, 5:43—5:47.

SAME DAY—*Second Race.*—Purse $100, for "green horses" as before; same weights; Two mile heats, in Harness.

Geo. Spicer's s. g. *Apollo*	George Spicer.	1	1
G. Sampson's b. g. *Dandy*		3	2
H. Jones' b. g. *Andrew*		2	3

Time, 6:09—5:48.

The weather on Thursday looked lowering as if determined to *dampen* the spirits of the amateur whips in their drive to the track, but about 12 o'clock it cleared up. A considerable number were in attendance, and the trotting went off in fine style.

THURSDAY, Oct. 19.—Purse $200, free for all horses; weights as before. Two mile heats, in Harness.

G. Edwards' s. m. *Polly Ogden*	George Edwards.	2	1
J. Conklin's b. g. *Emperor*		1	dis

Time, 5:38—6:06.

SAME DAY—*Second Race.*—Purse $50, ent. $10 each, added, free for all, weights as beford; Mile heats, best 3 in 5, under the Saddle.

Albert Conklin's s. g. *Locomotive*	A. Conklin.	1	1	1
Hiram Woodruff's b. g. *Pompeii*		3	3	2
Peter Wheelan's gr. g. *Fire King*		2	2	3

Time, 2:38—2:36—2:37.

LOUISVILLE (Ky.) FALL RACES.

We have the Secretary's report before us, and are somewhat surprised at the character of the sport. Either the track was very deep or the boys must have rode without whip or spurs. The best time in mile heats was 1:54—in two mile heats, 4:23—in three mile heats, 6:09—and in four mile heats, 9:19. Hardly up to the mark for Kentucky "cracks," my masters.

TUESDAY, Oct. 3, 1837.—Purse $115, free for all ages; 3 yr. olds taking up 86 lbs.; 4, 100—5, 110—6, 118, and aged 124 lbs.; mares and geldings allowed 3 lbs. Mile heats.

W. Fant's ch. f. *Duckwest*, by Vespucius, dam by Pulaski, 3 yrs.	2	1	1
Robert Burbridge's b. f. by Plato, dam by Whipster, 3 yrs.	5	3	2
Ewell Shipp's ch. c. *Sultan*, by Collier, dam by Bertrand, 3 yrs.	1	2	3
G. W. Graves' (Capt. Y. N. Oliver's) b. h. *Nelson*, by Eclipse, d. by Henry, 5 yrs.	4	4	dis.
Fitch & Palmer's gr. c. *Sir Aris*, by Trumpator, d. by Wild Medley, 3 yrs.	3	5	dis.
Elias Levi's ch. f. *Cinderella*, pedigree omitted, 3 yrs.	6	dis.	
Richard Phillips' b. h. *Henry Clay*, by Bertrand, dam by Dare Devil, 5 yrs.	dis.		

Time, 1:54—1:56—1:55.

SAME DAY, *Second Race.*—A Sweepstakes for 2 yr. olds; colts 70 lbs., fillies 67 lbs. Nine subs. at $50 each, half forfeit, with $60 added by the Association. Mile heats.

Frederick Herr's b. f. *Josephine*, by Waxey, dam by Cumberland	1	1
Andrew Hikes' c. f. *Orphiana*, by Oakland, dam by Eagle	3	2
Dr. J. M. Talbot's br. f. *Fatima*, by Oakland out of Kitty White by Aratus	2	dis.
Ewell Shipp's c. c. *Balious*, by Collier, dam by Aratus	dis.	

Time, 1:58—2.0.

WEDNESDAY, Oct. 4.—Purse $190 free, for all; weights as before. Three mile heats.

S. Burbridge's b. m. *Caroline Scott*, by Archy of Transport, out of Ophelia, by Wild Medley, 6 yrs.	1	1
J. W. Fenwick's b. c. *Gov. Morehead*, by Woodpecker out of Diana, by Ball's Florizel, 3 yrs.	4	2
Fitch & Palmer's g. c. *Senator*, by Imp. Contract d. Ophelia, by Wild Medley, 4 yrs.	3	3
T. B. Scrugg's b. c. *Conflict*, by Bertrand, dam by Gallatin, g. dam by Buzzard, 5 yrs.	2	0
Capt. Y. N. Oliver's b. h. *Enceiro*, by Star, dam by Ball's Eagle, 6 yrs.	5	0

Time, 6.16—6:9.

THURSDAY, Oct. 5.—Purse, $240; free for all; weights as before. Two mile heats.

Mason Thompson & Co's b. m. *Eliza Baily*, by Columbus, dam by Stockholder, 5 yrs	1	1
M. Mecumseh's g. f. *Lady Green*, by Waxey, dam by Pacolet, 4 yrs.	3	2
Robert Burbridge's b. f. —— by Woodpecker, dam by William, 3 yrs.	2	dis
T. J. Robertson's b. h. *Jim Allen*, by Archy of Transport, dam by Hamiltonian, 5 yrs	dis*	
Capt. Y. N. Oliver's ch. f. *Mary Jones*, by Imp. Barefoot, dam by Eclipse, 4 yrs.	dis*	

Time, 4:23—4:24. * Distanced for foul riding.

FRIDAY, Oct. 6.—Purse $720; free for all ages; weights as before. Four mile heats.

Geo. W. Tarlton's g. c. *Wm. H. Harrison*, by Trumpator, d. by Doublehead, g. d. by Imp. Buzzard, 4 yrs.	2	1	1
Mason Thompson & Co's b. c. *Jasper*, by Columbus, d. by Kennedy's Diomed, 4 y	1	2	3
Sidney Burbridge's b. c. *Tarlton*, by Woodpecker, dam by Robin Gray, 3 yrs.	3	3	2
Thomas B. Scrugg's ch. f. *Hebe*, by Collier, dam by Bertrand, 3 yrs	dis		

Time, 9:19—9:38—9:26.

SATURDAY, Oct. 7.—Purse $175; free for all ages; wts. as before. Mile h., best 3 in 5.

W. B. Luckett's b. h. *Chilton*, by Seagul, dam by Wonder, 5 yrs.	2	1	1
Mr. Mecumseh's b. c. *Worthy*, by Waxey, dam by Bertrand, 3 yrs.	3	3	2
E. Shipp's s. c. *Sultan*, by Collier, dam by Bertrand, 3 yrs.	1	2	dr

Time, 2:06—2:06—2:05.

A. TARLTON, *Secretary.*

PALMYRA, (Missouri,) Sept. 24, 1837.

To the Editor of the Spirit of the Times.

DEAR SIR,—An acknowledgment of favor received claims priority of every consideration, and in this spirit, in the name of the President of our Club, and my own, I tender to you our thanks for the interesting Nos. of your valuable paper, which we have each received. You did us the favor to publish *when* our races *would be* run, I will return the kindness in part by informing you *how* they were run. But first of our Club.

This *ultima thule* of the dominion of the Turf—this farthest Club of the Western world—our track the line of territory as it were, between the log cabin and the wigwam, is just springing into existence. Yet young as it is, it numbers a greater rank of the free and choice spirits of our land than was ever congregated north of the Missouri river. Near 100 members rally under the banner of our Club, and though that would make rather a sorry sight for Tree Hill, the Central, or Long Island, yet in the guerilla warfare of the West, where the genius of the Turf has just smiled, we hold ourselves pretty considerably high. Tis true the best blood of the land has not yet tracked our course, but a bare glance at our pedigrees will show you that their get cannot claim that exemption. If we do not obtain the envied fame of raising the finest horses in the Union, we at least are determined to aspire to the distinction. For the reign of the turf was foretold, and we will spare no pains to accomplish our prophecy,—"*Westward the star of empire takes its way.*"

PALMYRA (Mo.) FALL RACES.

WEDNESDAY, Sept. 13, 1837.—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, colts 86lbs., fillies 83lbs. Three subs. at $100 each. Mile heats.

Wm. G. Overton's b. c. *Poor Hopes*, by Trumpator, dam by Mucklejohn	1	1
Mr. Shackleford's f. *Penelope* (pedigree omitted)	2	dis
Mr. Shacklett's f. *Antelope* (pedigree omitted) being lame	pd.ft	

Time, 2:07—2:07.

Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, and three to claim it—Penelope, Antelope, and Poorhopes, entered by three redoubtable names:—Shackleford, Shacklett, and Shackells, (Phœbus what a mixture.) Well, up came two-thirds of the number, the remaining third being lame, declining to start. Penelope and Poorhopes came up to the stand, with their riders booted and spurred. They were not kept waiting long; the signal drum soon set them prancing around the track in this their first effort for fame. Poorhopes shot ahead of the filly at the start, which he kept, and came out a short distance ahead of the mare, whose spirit was worthy a better fate. Time, 2:07.

2d heat.—Riders up, and away they go, Poorhopes ahead, and the filly losing her ground, and the horse his gallantry. Daylight increased so sensibly between them that a distance appeared inevitable—and so it fared; the horse had all the fun to himself, and he came out victor in the same time, 2:07, and thus ends the first day.

THURSDAY, Sept. 14.—Purse $500, ent. $50, free for all ages, carrying "Virginia weights," viz.: 3 yr. olds 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—and aged 124lbs.; mares and geldings allowed 3lbs. Three mile heats.

John Frost's (of Illinois) ch. h. *Laplander*, by Flagellator, dam by Eclipse, aged	1	1
P. C. Bush's (of New York) br. c. *Tom Branch*, by Star, dam by Sir Charles, 4 yrs.	2	2
Henry Shacklett's (formerly of Fauquier Co., Va.) b. m. *Lady Pest*, by Carolinian, dam by Imp. Spread Eagle, aged	4	3
A. P. H. Crenshaw's (of Palmyra, Mo.) b. h. *Davy Crockett*, by Bertrand, dam by Imp. Baronet, 5 yrs.	3	4

Time, 6:04—6:04.

This was a pretty race, rendered doubly interesting from the fact that three of the horses had long been "brag nags" in this region, and this race was more to test the spirit and power of the *critters* than to put money in the pockets of the owners. Lady Pest was decidedly the favorite of the field, she having run at Warrenton, Va., (I believe,) a Two mile heat in 3:55, (misquoted in Turf Register as "3:35,") and also some creditable races out here. Tom Branch was a stranger nobody knew, and nobody cared. Davy Crockett felt certain, from his unconquerable bottom, that if the heats were broken, he would laugh in his sleeve, and the money was his; but Laplander was the champion to which all eyes were directed as defender of the first and second heats vs. Pest. Well, off they started, Laplander ahead, and the rest scampering at his heels all in a bunch. The second mile of the 1st heat found them the same; Pest sighed for her faded laurels, Davy found it was no laughing matter. The Stranger's friends thickened as he dashed by the Judges' Stand a few feet behind Laplander.

2d heat was run in very much the same order, only that Laplander in coming down the last stretch let out, and came up in such splendid style as plainly showed that his courtesy in a foreign land only prevented the disgrace of a distance. Track in good order.

FRIDAY, Sept. 15.—Purse $300, ent. $30, free for all ages; weights as before; Two mile heats.

E. A. Darcy's (of Ill.) gr. f. *Fleta*, by Medley, out of Rosalinda by Oscar, 4 yrs.	1	1
P. C. Bush's br. h. *Tom Branch*, by Star, dam by Sir Charles, 4 yrs.	2	2
John Frost's br. f. *Sally Slouch*, by Waxy, dam by Davies' Hamiltonian, 4 yrs.	3	dis
R. Fugate's (of Mo.) b. h. *Rattler*, by Old Rattler, dam by a Whip, 5 yrs.	4	dis

Time, 3:57—3:56.

This was a good race, as races generally are which defeat popular belief. Fleta was pronounced out of order, too clumsy, &c. Branch was the favorite, on the other two not much betting done. The fine blood of the mare, however, supported her through her whole labors, and brought her out ahead without much difficulty. Track in better order than day before.

SATURDAY, Sept. 16.—Purse $200, ent. $20, free for all; weights as before; Mile heats, best 3 in 5.

P. C. Push's b. c. *Jim Townley*, by Columbus, dam by Winter's Arabian, 4 yrs.	1	1	1
E. A. Darcey's ch. c. *Scene Shifter*, by Leopold, dam by Cockfighter, 4 yrs.	2	2	dis
Wm. G. Overton's (of Mo.) b. c. *Poor Hopes*, by Trumpator, d. by Mucklejohn, 3 y	dr		

Time, 2:07—2:08—2:02.

This was a race more interesting than otherwise, though won by Townley with ease. Track slippery from rain. I am yours, &c.,

JAMES L. MINOR, *Secretary.*

The Queen's Plate Race at Three Rivers.

Extract of a letter, dated MONTREAL, L. C., Sept. 29, 1837.

My Dear Sir—By the bye, before closing my letter, I must inform you that *Shillelah*, who ran first in the race for the QUEEN'S PLATE, at Three Rivers, being disqualified, (not having been foaled in the Province) the Purse has been adjudged to Mr. KAUNTZ, whose horse, *Bela Badger* (by Brilliant out of Molly Kelly, by Coxe's Arabian) was placed second.

In haste, yours truly, A CANADIAN TURFMAN.

NASHVILLE (Tenn.) FALL RACES.

Officers of the Club.—H. PETWAY, Esq., President. *Judges.*—The President, John P. Hickman, L. P. Cheatham, Hon. Alex. Barrow, and Randall Ewing, Esqrs. *Timers.*—Hon. Balie Peyton and Thos. Ewbank Leefe, Esqr. *Secretary.*—Hugh Kirkman, Esq. *Patrole.*—Buck Maxey, R. P. Estes, S. W. Gilman, and Aris Brown, Esqrs. The annexed report is furnished by our special correspondent.

MONDAY, Oct. 2, 1837.—The *Congressional Stakes* for 3 year olds, colts 86lbs., fillies 83lbs. Fourteen subs. at $500 each, h. ft. Two mile heats.

George Elliott's ch. f. *Sarah Bladen*, by Imp. Leviathan, out of Morgiana by Pacolet.	1	1
Nicholas Davis' b. c. *Scipio*, by Imp. Leviathan, out of Kitty Clover	2	2
L. P. Cheatham's gr. f. *Gray Maria*, by Giles Scroggins, dam by Sir Archie	dis	
A. J Donelson's b. f. by Stockholder, dam by Pacolet, own sister to Polly Baker	pd.ft	
John Donelson's b. f. by Stockholder, out of Bolivar's dam	pd.ft	
Balie Peyton's b. c. by Cock of the Rock, out of Patty Puff	pd.ft	
William B. King's ch. c. by Imp. Leviathan, out of a Crawford mare	pd.ft	
E. H. Boatman's b. c. by Wild Bill, out of Brunnell by Sir Hal	pd.ft	
W. J. Boss's b. f. by Richard, dam by Conqueror	pd.ft	
G. Mason's b. c. by Wild Bill, out of Partnership	pd.ft	
James Jackson's b. c. by Imp. Leviathan, out of Imp. Staughton Lass	pd.ft	
James Jackson's b. f. by Imp. Leviathan, out of Miss Refugee	pd.ft	
L. Baller's ch. c. *Old Jim*, by Imp. Leviathan, out of Marshal Ney's dam, by Pacolet.	pd.ft	
Stephen Fenwick's ch. c. by Kosciusko, out of J. W. Fenwick's b. m. Maria	pd.ft	

Time, 4:13—4:15.

The Fall Meeting commenced with the above Sweepstake, which for the last few months has kept the sporting community in this part of the world in a perfect ferment. It was fully expected that more than three would have made their appearance at the post to contest with the Leviathans for their well-earned laurels, and also more fully to have tested the speed of the different stock entered against them in this sweepstake; but several gave way in training, and others went amiss, to the great disappointment of many who were anxious to have a fair trial of the several different bloods.

The weather was against the sport; it commenced early in the morning to rain, and continued without any intermission through the day. This, added to the rain which fell in the latter part of last week, made the track extremely heavy, and no doubt prevented many strangers from attending; yet still, the city and the adjacent country turned out a pretty good crowd, who went it with a perfect looseness upon Sarah Bladen 2 to 1 against the field. At the appointed time they came upon the course, when all eyes were turned upon Sarah Bladen. She is a beautiful creature, and like her sire, of a rich chesnut color, possessing apparently great endurance, well formed, and in my opinion decidedly the most perfect of the Leviathans that I have seen; she was in excellent condition, and reflected great credit upon her trainer, Col. WATSON. Neither Scipio nor the Giles Scroggins filly were up to the mark. Scipio was perfectly dead. The track was allotted to Scipio, which Sarah took at the start, leading him by a length, the Giles Scroggins filly 3d; thus they went round the entire first mile without changing their positions. In the first quarter of the second mile Scipio came up and made a push at Sarah, but she left him without any effort, and won the heat under a pull, the Giles Scroggins filly distanced.

Second Heat.—Sarah was now more than ever the favorite; the odds upon her were 20 to 1, and no takers. With another excellent start they got away in gallant style; Scipio proved his blood by making several desperate struggles to lock Sarah, but he could not put her up, and she won easily in hand.

SAME DAY—*Second Race.*—Sweepstakes for 2 year olds, colts 70lbs., fillies 67lbs. Six subs. at $100 each, p.p. Single mile.

A. B. Newsom's ch. f. by Imp. Leviathan, out of Black Sophia, Birmingham's dam	1
John C. Beasley's ch. f. by Imp. Leviathan, out of Parasol	2
Stockeley Donelson's b. f. by Stockholder, dam by Imp. Strap	3
W. H. Ghee's b. f. by Wild Bill, out of Frozen-head's dam	dis
Thomas A. Pankey's b. f. by Merlin, out of Julia by Sir Arthur	pd.ft
A. L. Bingaman's ch. c. *Capt. John Heth*, by Imp. Leviathan, out of Miss Bailey	pd.ft

Time, 2:03.

In the above the entrance of Beasley was the favorite against the field. It was beautifully contested, and afforded great sport. For the first half mile they were all together, with the exception of the Wild Bill filly who was left behind at the start, and the ground she lost it was impossible for her to recover, and she was therefore stopped by her owner, leaving the struggle to the others; Beasley's filly made desperate efforts for the lead, but without success, the daughter of Black Sophia winning with something to spare.

TUESDAY, Oct. 5.—Jockey Club Purse, $300, ent. $30 each, added; free for all ages, 3 yr. olds carrying 86 lbs.; 4, 100—5, 100—6, 118, aged 124 lbs.; mares and geldings allowed 3 lbs. Two mile heats.

J. H. Bradfute's ch. f. *Victoria*, by Eclipse, d. Catherine Warren, by Virginian 4 yrs.	1	1
John C. Beasley's ch. f. *Wren*, by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Marshal Ney, 3 yrs.	2	2
S. Ragland's b. f. *Queen of Diamonds*, by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Sir Archie, 4 yrs.	dr.	

Time, 4:11—4:30.

This day was indeed a change from yesterday: the sun rose bright, and every object around spoke of happiness and joy. All the world (of Nashville) was on the *qui vive*. The course seemed the object of every one's desire; even the air was of a balmy and racing temperature; but the road to the course, and the course itself, was nothing but mud, knee deep at that. Throngs were upon the stand—crowds filled the space below, and all was anxiety for the competitors to make their appearance. To the surprise of those who had backed the Queen against the field, it was soon announced that she was drawn; Wren now came into favor, and was freely backed against Victoria 2 to 1; but a few of the knowing ones, who had ascertained the condition of the nags, readily took the bets, and no doubt pocketed "the coin." Before starting the rivals for victory paraded before the stand. Wren was in miserable plight; and considering that her owner gave a few days ago $5000 for her, (a smartish price for a 3 yr. old), I am a little surprised at his running her. Victoria was not looking quite so well as might have been wished, yet still she was an awkward customer.

Tap went the drum, and away they started, Wren leading; Victoria soon came up, and they ran neck and neck, straining each nerve for the lead, which Victoria ultimately obtained, winning the heat by several lengths. In the second heat Victoria led from end to end.

WEDNESDAY, Oct. 4.—Purse $500; ent. $40 each, added; free for all ages; weights as before. Three mile heats.

S. Ragland's b. f. *Queen of Diamonds*, by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Sir Archie, 4 yrs.	1	1
A. V. Long's br. c. *Hardy M. Cryer*, by Stockholder, dam by Timoleon 4 yrs.	3	2
Jas. H. Bradfute's br. h. *Compact*, by Merlin, dam by Virginian, 5 yrs.	2	dis.

Time, 6:24—6:20.

Again we had a delightful day, and the anticipation of good sport induced members to attend who had not previously visited the course. The only drawback was the wretched state of the track, which was in worse order than on the former days. The Leviathan was again the favorite, though it was well ascertained she had not recovered from the accident which she received at Gallatin, having there got pricked in one of her fore feet through the carelessness of the man who plated her. Even this did not prevent her friends from backing her 2 to 1 against the field; and by the result they were justified in their judgment, which they had formed of her powers, in running over decidedly the heaviest track that we have had. At the appointed time they came upon the course.—After going through the regular routine the call was given to "come up."—They got away at the first attempt, Hardy having the track and lead, which Compact soon took, followed by the Queen, who was rode by JAMES. The pace was slow until the second mile, when the Queen came up, locked Compact, and passed him under a strong pull. She soon fell back upon Compact, who made a push with an intention of passing; but Jim was wide awake. The contest was now exciting, Compact making desperate efforts to push the Queen—but it was no go—she running at her ease, and winning the heat under a strong pull.

Second Heat.—The interest in the race had evaporated considerably upon the result of the previous heat. It was now evident that the Queen must win without a struggle. The betting was entirely between Hardy and Compact; and several bets were made that the former would be distanced. The Leviathan and Hardy came up for this heat perfectly fresh; Compact appeared tired. From Hardy's looking so well, and not having run in the former heat, the backers of the field had some hopes that he might turn the fortunes of the day. After several false starts, caused by the unwillingness of Compact to go off, the drum was tapped, and away they went. The Queen dashed off in gallant style, with Compact at her heels, (Hardy laying back), Jim with difficulty holding the mare in. Compact relinquished the contest in the second mile, when Hardy came into play, and we had some pretty severe running for half a mile; but the Leviathan shook the Stockholder off, and won the heat with ease.—Great praise is due to James for the admirable syle in which he rode the Queen of Diamonds, and with a little more experience, he may one day rival *Willis.*

THURSDAY, Oct. 5.—Purse $300; ent. $25 each, added, free for all ages; weights as before. Mile heats, best 3 in 5.

J. H. Bradfute's b. h. *Hahkaway*, by Merlin, d. Isabella, by Sir Archie, 6 yrs.	1	3	1	1
Jn. C. Beasley's b. m. *Rebecca* (imp.) by Godolphin, d. Jewess, by Moses, 4 yrs.	2	1	2	2
G. B. Long's b. m. *Mary Jane Davis*, by Stockholder, dam by Arthur, 5 yrs.	3	1	r.o.	

Time, 1:56½—2:00—2:01—2:00.

The above race excited much interest, and though the result was not anticipated, it afforded great sport to a large field of turfites. Rebecca was the favorite: Harkaway had the track and lead, and went off at a killing pace, followed by Rebecca, who made several brushes at him without effect. The second heat was beautifully contested, and the running at several points of the track was severe; Harkaway again led off, but was instantly collared by Rebecca: they made a pretty run together until Mary Jane came up, when she changed places with both her competitors, leaving them behind; Rebecca again came up to her, and she eventually won the heat by a desperate brush. Third heat.—The charge of foul riding having been preferred against the rider of Mary Jane Davis, and according to the evidence, sustained, the judges declared her ruled off, giving the second heat to Rebecca. Harkaway won this heat with ease. Fourth heat:—Harkaway was now greatly the favorite, and it was impossible to get any bet against him except at immense odds. He took the lead, which he maintained for the first quarter, when the filly got up with him and passed, but was instantly collared again by Harkaway, who won the heat and race with something in hand.

FRIDAY, Oct. 6.—Jockey Club Purse, $1000; ent. 50 each, added, free for all ages; weights as before. Four Mile heats.

Saml. Ragland's bl. h. *Othello*, by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Sir Archie, 5 yrs.	2	1
J. C. Beasley's ch. m. *Kathleen*, by imp. Leviathan, d. Sally Bell, by Sir Archie 5 yrs	1	*
J. H. Bradfute's gr. h. *O'Kelly*, by Eclipse d. Young Empress, by Financier, 10 yrs.	3	dis.

Time, 8:30—8:29½. *Broke down.

Thursday night was extremely wet, and the morning of Friday was whistled in with rain—any thing but agreeable to those who had left visiting the course unto the four mile day. The die was cast, and go they must, consequently the course was more numerously attended than on the previous days. About 12 o'clock it cleared off, and a few of the fair daughters of Tennessee graced the track with their presence, which added not a little to the attractions of the members' stand; and though the assemblage of ladies was not so numerous as on former occasions, still what it wanted in numbers was made up by the grace and beauty of the few who attended; all appeared actuated by the irrepressible enjoyment possessed by all who have the true feeling of going to a race. Spirited men on spirited horses cantered merrily upon the field, and the happy "snowballs" were dancing with delight in the anticipation of the coming race. High, low, rich and poor, pretty and ugly, seemed alike pleased with themselves; and if the face is the index of the mind, all were happy—and the only drawback was the state of the track, which could not possibly have been in worse order.

For the race, Kathleen, the winner of the three mile day at Natchez, Othello, the brother of the Queen of Diamonds, and O'Kelly, brother to the far-famed Ariel, were entered, consequently it was expected that the race would be severely contested. Bets to a large amount had been pending several weeks previous on Kathleen against the field; and it was only until two days before the race that Othello became the favorite, it having been ascertained that Kathleen was complaining in her legs; still up to the time of starting her friends backed her nobly. About 12 o'clock they came upon the track; O'Kelly appeared stale, but still his noble form did honor to the stock from which he sprung. Kathleen's fore legs were very much swollen, and it is a pity that she was allowed to run;—Othello was gay, and seemed conscious of his approaching victory. They had a false start, and got nearly round the course before they could be called back.—On coming up again, they got away well, Kathleen having the track, and going under a strong pull, with O'Kelly at her haunches: the running was uninteresting, Kathleen having it entirely her own way, Othello not running for the heat; O'Kelly made several brushes at Kathleen, but could not put her up, she winning the heat easily.

Second Heat.—Kathleen's friends had now more confidence in her winning the race, and backed her freely. O'Kelly took the lead from the start; Kathleen soon came up to him with a rush, and passed; Othello now came into play, passed O'Kelly and made a brush at Kathleen; they ran locked for half a mile, when Kathleen gave back; she made one more desperate attempt, but it was her last effort, she having broke down in this final struggle; O'Kelly soon came up and passed Kathleen, who was stopped by her spirited owner. Jim, upon Othello, took no notice of his fallen competitor, but went on, winning the race with ease, distancing O'Kelly.

SATURDAY, Oct. 6.—Purse $200; ent. 20 each, added; free for all ages; weights as before. Mile heats.

G. V. Long's b. m. *Mary Jane Davis*, by Stockholder, dam by Sir Arthur, 5 yrs.	1	1
Randolph Skinner's b. h. *W. Blunt*, by Bertrand, dam by Potomac, 5 yrs.	2	2

Time, 2:10—2:08.

KENDALL COURSE (Md.) FALL RACES.

Last Saturday we gave a summary of the races the three first days. The annexed report in full, we have compiled from the Baltimore "Daily Chronicle," the editor of which is not only a "knowing one," but he has two correspondents, Messrs. J——s and W——r, who are "wide awake." Trusting to meet all three on the Island the last day of this month, accompanied by "troops of friends," we proceed to "flare up" with their notes of the sayings and doings at Kendall's, who, by the bye, is either "down on his luck," or else he has too much regard for his friends to think of beating them over his own course.

TUESDAY, Oct 10, 1837.—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, colts 86lbs., fillies 83lbs. Four subs. at $300 each, $100 ft. Two mile heats.

Col. Wm. Wynn's b. c. *Picton*, by Imp. Luzborough, out of Isabella, *received forfeit from* Col. Johnson's b. c. by Andrew, out of the dam of Vertumnus—Dr. Merritt's Imp. b. f. *Caledonia Brander*, by Longwaist, dam by Orville, and Jas. B. Kendall's b. c. *Balie Peyton*, by Andrew, dam by Eclipse.

SAME DAY.—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, weights as before. Six subs. at $200 each, h. ft. Two mile heats.

Col. Edmund Townes' ch. f. *Eloise*, by Imp. Luzborough, out of Mary Wasp	1	1
Col. Wm. Wynn's (Wm. Wyatt's) b. f. by Imp. Luzborough, dam by Director	2	2
Col. Wm. R. Johnson's br. f. by Sir Charles, dam by Whip, own sister to Collier	4	3
T. R. S. Boyce's b. f. *Testimony*, by Imp. Apparition, dam by Tuckahoe	3	dis

Time, 3:49—3:50.

"A very pretty race—each heat closely contested by Wynn's filly. In the first heat Testimony took the lead and maintained it for a mile and a half, when Eloise went up, followed by Wynn's filly, passed and took the lead. The 2d heat was but a repetition of what occurred in the 1st, except that Johnson's filly led the dance this time. The chesnut filly was too much for them, and won easily—though had a few pounds been taken from the bay Luzborough she would have made much faster work of it.

WEDNESDAY, Oct. 11.—Purse $400, free for all ages, 3 yr. olds carrying 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—and aged 124lbs., m.'s and g.'s allowed 3lbs. Three mile heats.

Col. Wm. R. Johnson's ch. f. *Lady Cliffden*, by Sussex, dam by Ratray, 4 yrs.	1	1
Jas. B. Kendall's br. m. *Camsidel*, by Industry, out of Arethusa by Sir Hal, 6 yrs.	2	2
Col. Edmund Townes' br. m. *Black Bird*, by Arab, dam by Virginian, 5 yrs.	3	3

Time, 5:50—5:57.

"There were a good many spectators on the course to-day. Betting was very dull, although it was whispered that Lady Cliffden was not exactly up or rather *down* to the mark. The knowing ones, however, backed her freely, at 4 to 1 against the field. A *very* few were willing to take any risk against her.

At the tap of the drum Black Bird took the lead, followed by Lady Cliffden hard in hand, Camsidel trailing behind. At the first quarter on the third mile, Lady Cliffden ran up to Black Bird, passed her with all imaginable ease, and then, under a hard pull, led them round, and came home in a hand gallop—Black Bird pulling up at the distance poll, and Camsidell pushing by her came out second. Time, 5:50.

At the second heat Lady Cliffden, and without any effort on the part of the others to prevent it, led off at a most reasonable rate. The second mile a little faster—Lady Cliffden with her mouth wide open, running it in 1:59. The third mile, Black Bird and Camsidel closed upon Lady Cliffden, and at the back stretch Camsidel passed to the second place. Black Bird, roused up by the spur, soon regained her place, and for a second looked like passing ahead. The boy on Lady Cliffden loosened the reins, and in a few jumps she was clear of them. In close order they ran round the turn and entered the quarter stretch well together. The riders on Camsidel and Black Bird were not sparing of whip or spur, and at 30 yards from home Camsidel was up to the girth of Lady Cliffden, but no sooner did her rider see the red jacket so close to him, then he gave the Lady her rein, and she darted from them like a trap ball and passed the stand a clear length ahead. The last mile run in 1:51.

THURSDAY, Oct. 12.—Jockey Club Purse $1000, free for all ages; weights as before; Four mile heats.

Col. Wm. R. Johnson's ch. f. *Mary Blunt*, by Sir Charles, dam by Sir Alfred, 4 yrs.	1	1
Francis Thompson's gr. c. *Isaac of York*, by Sir Charles, dam by Rattler, 4 yrs.	2	0
John C. Stevens' bl. f. *Bonny Black*, by Imp. Valentine, d. Helen Mar by Rattler, 4 y.	3	0
E. J. Wilson's ch. m. *Eliza Ann*, by Jackson, dam by Lottery, 5 yrs.	4	dr
H. Landis' ch. c. *Howard*, by Sir Charles, out of Sally Walker, 4 yrs.	dis	
Jas. B. Kendall's br. f. *Medora*, by John Richards, dam by Imp. Valentine, 4 yrs.	dis	

Time, 7:55—8:14.

There was no difficulty in Mary Blunt's winning the race. The first heat they all went off together under a hard pull, the first mile taking them 2:01—the second 2:01—the third 1:55—the fourth 1:58. On the third mile Mary Blunt passed ahead and came out in a gallop. Bonny Black was evidently distressed by this heat—her saddle slipped on the second mile, and the boy rode out the heat on her neck. The saddle also slipped on the neck of Medora, on the first quarter, and the interest being lost in the race, the anxiety of the spectators was turned almost entirely to the safety of the riders. Eliza Ann gave way in the left fore foot the third mile, and when stopped at the judges' stand, at the end of the fourth mile, was so lame that she could hardly be got out of the track. The injury, it is supposed, will prevent her ever appearing again on the turf. She is an exceedingly fine nag, and won a good run notwithstanding her accident.

It was evident before they started for the second heat, that whatever chance Bonny Black may have had for winning the race, or even of running Mary Blunt close, the slipping of the saddle and the carrying of her rider on her neck, had too much distressed her for her owner to even hope that she might win, and nothing but a desire to gratify the large concourse of people on the ground could have induced him to start her. On passing the stand on entering for the third mile, Mary Blunt took her place in front, and without even stretching herself came to the stand far ahead. Bonny Black and Isaac of York made a very pretty run of it down the stretch, and it was decided by the judges to be a dead heat between them.

FRIDAY, Oct. 13.—For a Silver Plate (value $350) the winner to take the plate or its cost at his option; open to all ages; weights as before; Two mile heats.

Col. Francis Thompson's ch. f. *Rowena*, by Timoleon, dam by Rob Roy, 3 yrs.	1	1
Jas. B. Kendall's ch. m. *Mary Granville*, by Sir Charles, dam by Roanoke, 4 yrs.	3	2
Geo. L. Stockett's gr. c. by Medley, out of the dam of Glorvina, 3 yrs.	2	3

Time, 4:01—3:59.

SAME DAY—*Second Race.*—Purse $200, free only for horses bred in Maryland and Dist. Columbia; weights as before; Two mile heats.

Geo. L. Stockett's b. f. *Mary Selden*, by Sussex, out of the dam of Glorvina, 4 yrs	4	1	1
Col. Francis Thompson's *Mediator*, by Sir Charles, dam by Napoleon, 4 yrs.	1	2	2
Jas. B. Kendall's gr. m. *Molinera*, by Medley, dam by Jones' Arabian, 4 yrs.	3	3	3
E. J. Wilson's b. m. *Virginia Graves*, by Sir Charles, dam by Napoleon, 5 yrs.	2	4	dis

Time not given.

HOPKINSVILLE (Ky.) FALL RACES.

Officers of the Club for 1837.—WILLIAM CAMPBELL, Esq., President. J. McComb and Samuel Parish, Esqrs., Vice Presidents. Judges: John Whittaker, John Poindexter, and John Evans, Esqrs. R. K. Latham, Esq., Secretary. This report is furnished by our special correspondent.

WEDNESDAY, Sept. 13, 1837.—Sweepstakes open to all ages, 3 yr. olds carrying 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118, and aged 124lbs., mares and geldings allowed 3lbs. Four subs. at $500 each, h. ft. Two mile heats.

A. V. Long's br. c. *Hardy M. Cryer*, by Stockholder, dam by Timoleon, 4 yrs.	2	1
R. K. Tyler's ch. h. *Miantonimoh*, by Timoleon, dam by Imp Speculator, aged	1	dis

Time, 4:03—4:06.

THURSDAY, Sept. 14.—Jockey Club Purse $200, ent. $50 each, added; weights as before; Two mile heats.

A. V. Long's b. m. *Mary Jane Davis*, by Stockholder, dam by Sir Arthur, 5 yrs.	1	1
N. K. Leavell's br. h. *Gen. Cheatham*, by Stockholder, out of Mildred Hobson, 5 yrs.	3	2
L. E. McLane's b. c. *Snake-root* by Pacific, dam by Bedford, 4 yrs.	5	3
Renard Starke's b. h. *Prince Talleyrand*, by Eclipse, dam by Duroc, 6 yrs.	4	4
John Cooper's ch. c. *Kangaroo*, by Uncas, dam by Orphan, 3 yrs.	2	dis
L. L. Leavell's ch. h. *Mozart*, by Rob Roy, out of the Arab Barb, 6 yrs.	dis	

Time, 4:02—3:55.

FRIDAY, Sept. 15.—Purse $100, ent. $30 each, added; weights as before; Mile heats.

Dr. J. Ray's ch. c. *Red Fox*, by Diomed, dam by Buzzard, 4 yrs.	3	1	1
L. L. Leavell's ch. g. *Joe Yates*, by Childers, dam unknown, 5 yrs.	2	2	2
Wm. C. Graves' b. m. *Fanny Hill*, by Oscar, dam by Sir Archie, 6 yrs.	1	3	3
A. V. Long's gr. m. *Kate Cowan*, by Stockholder, dam unknown, 4 yrs.	4	4	4
John Mann's bl. f. by Ranytz, dam by Jonah, 4 yrs.	dis		

Time, 1:55—1:59—2:08.

SATURDAY, Sept. 16.—Purse $100, ent. $15 each, added; weights as before; Mile heats, best 3 in 5.

L. E. McLane's b. c. *Snake-root*, by Pacific, dam by Bedford, 4 yrs.	3	1	1	1
Wm. C. Gray's br. g., pedigree unknown, 5 yrs.	2	2	2	dis
A. V. Long's b. c. *John Granger*, by Crusader, dam by Imp. Strap, 4 yrs.	1	3	3	dis

Time, 1:54—1:58—2:02—2:15.

Pedestrian Match at Philadelphia.

The Philadelphia toddlers did make "a go" of it after all, as we learn from a paragraph in a Baltimore paper. Here it is:—

WALKING AGAINST TIME.—On Friday and Saturday last a feat was performed at Allen's course in the pedestrian line that stands unparalleled in this country. A purse of $300 was raised for Mr. David Webb, provided he could walk the distance of 100 miles in 24 hours; and previous to the day of starting this sum was offered to any other persons who would pay a certain amount as entrance money, and accomplish it in less time than Webb. Accordingly, on the afternoon of Friday, a person by the name of Jacob Schively, who is employed at the Girard College, and who had been engaged at his work until noon, made application to enter for the purse, but not having funds with him to pay his entrance, could not be allowed to walk as a competitor of Webb for the money, but was informed by the proprietor that if he could perform the distance in the time mentioned he would make him up a purse of $50. When Schively started at 11 minutes after 5 o'clock on Friday, Webb had walked one mile, which the former had made up the next morning by 8 o'clock, and on the 79th mile Webb gave out, which he accomplished in 19½ minutes less than 24 hours. The company present made up a purse of $100, which was presented to him. Although much fatigued at the expiration of the heat, he was heard to say that he should commence work again on Monday.

Bertrand's Stock.—A Correspondent, over the Signature of "RUTHERFORD," writes from Tennessee, that "A two year old filly by this famous horse, out of the dam of *Hinda*, was lately sold, untried, by Dr. YANDELL, of Louisville, Ky., for $1500. The spirited purchasers, Col. ROBT. SMITH, of Murfreesboro,' Tenn., and J. P. SMITH, ESQ., of Mississippi, are preparing to bring this splendid young thing out on the field of her sister's glory. She is a finer animal in some points than Hinda, and, with more fleetness, will have all her game. From her blood, family and form, she is likely to raise the character of her noble dam, (noble as having produced a racer by every horse to which she was ever bred), and will no doubt add another feather to the cap of her illustrious sire. The old mare has at her side a Leviathan filly, considered the best of her produce."

J. H. HEAD, Esq., of Manchester, Miss., has bought from Col. GEO. ELLIOTT of Gallatin, Tenn., his ch. f. *Sarah Bladen*, 3 yrs. old, by Imp. Leviathan, out of Morgiana by Pacolet, for $8000.

JOHN BOSSLEY, of Davison Co., Tenn., has bought Mr. JOHN HOLMES' yearling filly by Imp Luzborough, out of Miss Tonson by Mons. Tonson, for $800.

Mr. CHARLES BOSSLEY has sold his gray colt by Pacific, dam by Sir Richard, to THOS. A. PANKEY, Esq., Franklin, of Tenn., for $500.

Rattler.—This fine old Stallion, now owned by WM. R. PEYTON, Esq., of Tennessee, will make his next season at the stable of G. W. PARKER, at Gallatin, in that State, at $50.

Anvil will stand next season at $50, at the stables of Hon. BALIE PEYTON, near Gallatin, Tenn.

St. Giles.—The mares sent to this fine imported Stallion last year have all proved with foal. St. Giles was not announced last season, he having failed the previous year. He is so fine a horse that the breeders of Tennessee and Alabama will be gratified to hear that his services in the breeding stud are not lost to them.

ST. LOUIS, (MO.), Sept. 28, 1837.

Dear Sir—Until I received the last number of the "Spirit of the Times," containing a pedigree for the New American Stud Book, I had supposed it too late for an insertion in that work. If convenient, I should be glad to have the pedigree of the fine horse *Cavalier* appear in its pages.

Cavalier, red sorrel, 16 hands high, by Thornton's Ratler, dam by Gracchus, out of the celebrated imported Lady Bunbury the dam of John Randolph's Roanoke—Rattler by Sir Archie—Lady Bunbury by Trumpeter, dam Theopha (sister to old Tut) by Highflyer—Plaything by Matchem, Vixen by Regulus, &c., Gracchus by Old Diomede, dam Cornelia by Chanticleer—by Wildair, &c., by Pantaloon, grandam by Traveller, Mark Anthony, &c.

Respectfully yours, F. J. PARKER.

Note.—It is very possible that the New *Am. Stud Book* will not be published until very late in the Fall. If so, any pedigrees sent us *free of postage* by Nov. 10, will be inserted in this paper and that publication also. If sent direct to Washington, to W. J. STRATTON, the last of November will probably be in time.—☞ Breeders and Turfmen are respectfully informed that we have no pecuniary interest whatever in the forthcoming Stud Book. The work is likely to be one of great value to the Sporting world generally, which is the only inducement we have to lend it the aid of our columns. We further wish our friends to understand, that our columns *will always be at their service* for the purpose of recording the pedigrees of their Blood Stock, and that any communications on the subject will receive prompt attention.—*Editor.*

☞ The large collection of valuable *Pictures*, and the entire stock of rare *Wine* belonging to the American Hotel, will be sold there this day. Connoisseurs should be early in attendance, as they may not otherwise be able to secure the choice lots.

When Alderman Atkins was told that the *Medway* had taken fire, the old gentleman very innocently asked if all the ships *upon it* were consumed!

The Queen has been graciously pleased to appoint Mrs. Ustonson to be fishing tackle and net maker in ordinary to her Majesty.

THE MOOSE HUNT.

[The following is founded upon facts, which, however, occurred during the course of *two Moose* campaigns; but the rather romantic incident attendant on one, and the glorious sport which marked the other, have induced the writer to join the two in one little sketch, which may be, perhaps, thus rendered acceptable to both the sporting and the fair portion of the readers of the Spirit of the Times. Let it be also recollected that the Indians about Quebec speak the French language rather well.]

"Well, H——," said my friend Capt. F——, of the —— Regiment, then quartered at Montreal, on entering my room early in February, 1833; "when will you start on your moose, or rather wild-goose chace, upon which you descanted so eloquently when under the influence of our toddy on New Year Eve?"

"*Et pourquoi mon ami?*" was my answer.

"Oh, merely a matter of curiosity," carelessly replied F——.

"Then, Mr. Curiosity, know you that I intend to leave as early as to-morrow morning at four o'clock, for Quebec *en route* for the wilderness, and if you have nothing better to amuse you, shall be glad to afford you an opportunity of telling your friends in England that you have actually played the real Indian for a week. What say you?"

"Why, were I not afraid that we should have the felicity of being half frozen to death to no purpose, I would apply for leave; but you know I hate to be laughed at.

"I will guarantee you a good and fair shot at an *original*, and if you miss, why you will deserve to be laughed at."

Off went F——, and an hour after I received a note, stating that he would accompany me.

All being in readiness for an early departure, I was on the point of turning in, when my servant, who had been assisting me in arranging my pack, addressed me very earnestly, and begged that I would take him with me.

"But why, Antoine, do you wish to go again, when you know you have been so unwell for some time past?"

"I feel very well now, my dear master; and for many reasons I wish you not to go without me. Captain F——'s servant can remain behind, and I will take his place."

Though averse to allow Antoine to run any risk of a relapse, as he was a favorite with me, the poor fellow pleaded so earnestly, that at last I consented to take him; and accordingly the next morning F—— and myself, with Antoine, left for Quebec. Nothing of any consequence occurred on the road, and on the fourth day, at about six o'clock in the morning, we reached the Indian village of Lorette, where my *fidus Achates*, Indian John, or Orihtaa more properly, awaited us. It was now for the first time that I was led to think of Antoine's strange fancy of accompanying us in our fatiguing chace, whilst so enfeebled from the effects of his late illness. On seeing him with us, the old Indian, with whom I was quite a pet, having for years been accustomed to hire his assistance as guide, cook, and valet, who had just shook hands with Capt. F—— and myself, started, and, as I thought, made a motion towards his knife, but immediately recovering himself, merely said in a very dry manner,

"You did not get enough of the original last year, Monsieur Antoine, eh?"

Antoine, who, though a native Canadian, unlike the generality of his countrymen, who are noted for the sallowness of their complexion, was extremely fair, turned for an instant away with a face crimsoned with the blood which had rushed into it, and answered evidently with an effort to restrain himself,

"I remained too long behind last year; I will remain with my master this year, and you can bring on the deer."

"*Comme il vous plaira*," was the pithy reply of the Indian.

A few minutes afterwards, having gone with John to superintend the preparations for our *voyage*, I enquired the route which he intended to take.

"Towards *Tadozesac*," was the information I received.

"But why, John, not follow our old *chemin*, through the woods of *Milis?*"

"No, not this year."

Now this whim of my Indian friend did not at all suit me, as I had promised my military companion to pass by an Indian hunting ground, which I had visited for two successive years, and where I could shew him two splendid specimens of the Indian girl, nieces of John our conductor. And I accordingly, knowing that John would never consent to it, said, "Well then, John, I must only see Ignace and hire him, as I must go through that *route*. John still demurred, but at last agreed to my wish, remarking, however, "Mind, Monsieur, it will be your own fault if the hunt prove less agreeable than you expect."

Would to Heaven that I had never insisted on his coming into my views! But the sequel will shew. Off we went, Antoine keeping close to F——, and John and I *comme de coutume* close together, and four most fatiguing days walking had we without the sign of a deer, and what was still more discouraging, without even sunshine to enliven us. F—— bore his work remarkably well, and snow-shoed it admirably, though on the first day, shortly after he had started, he fell down and could not get up again, owing to his, to him, novel shoes; he exclaimed most violently against putting on those "*cursed Indian sledges.*" On the fourth night having discovered a *cabane*, or hut composed of branches, and banked over with snow, which some other hunting party had charitably left for our comfort, and being about to commence an attack upon some smoked beef which Antoine had brought out, F—— having strolled a short distance, as he said, to look for partridges, I heard the sharp crack of his rifle, and hurrying out and hailing him, Gregoire (John's Indian boy) and I followed his track, and when we made up to him we certainly enjoyed the sight amazingly. Here was our Hibernian friend "cheek by jowl" with a ferocious old bear, which he had wounded in the head, but not sufficiently to prevent Bruin from shewing fight, and he was then in the act of embracing poor F—— most lovingly, little however to his liking. Before I could bring my gun to my shoulder, however, Gregoire had sprung to the aid of F——, and with his *couteau de chasse* made short work with the venerable animal, and a famous heavy fellow he was. Homewards, or rather hut-wards we went, and there found Antoine and John in earnest and apparently angry discourse, which however instantly ceased on our entrance. We feasted on part of F——'s friend, and before nine o'clock of the next day, were well in the track of three originals, whom we had in view that night. The next morning began the chace in good earnest, and now reader only fancy yourself with me under the clear and almost warming February sun, with a firm crust on the snow, and three noble moose right in view, say not three miles from you. F—— was absolutely frantic, Antoine was in high glee, and the low chuckle which now and then escaped from John shewed already how he felt; as for me, I was as I am when enjoying any sport, made stark mad. We no longer thought of fatigue, we no longer attempted to speak to one another, but dividing, each took his line, and thought within himself that the first shot should be his. On we went, and at four o'clock in the afternoon of that day we began to circumvent our victims. Moose always sleep with their noses to the wind, consequently on occasions it becomes necessary to diverge from the track, and thus come round them. We slept well that night, and at about five o'clock I heard John's low voice calling me to join him, which I instantly did; but F—— and Antoine were off. We were just entering a pretty thick wood which John knew was in the way of the originals, when I spied a splendid fellow crunching through the crust, within sixty yards of me. "Leave him to me, John." Up went my rifle, I fired, and at the same instant crack! crack! resounded through the woods from the rifles of F—— and Antoine. My fellow was soon despatched, and on following the sound of their halloo, we had the satisfaction of finding another deer killed, and in a short time saw F—— and my servant hot in chace of the third, whom Antoine had only wounded. We left them accordingly to finish him, which they did after a warm pursuit of three hours, and securing our game, we made our first supper on moose steaks, spiced most deliciously with hunger sauce! The next day I perceived that John was rather annoyed that even Antoine had shot his deer, and that his own rifle had done no service; however I quietted the old savage by prophecying more sport in the course of a few hours, and sure enough Gregoire's cry of "*pistes*," (tracks,) soon brought us on the scent, and before forty-eight hours we had four more moose, two of which were shot by John, one by Gregoire, and the fourth received the bullets of F—— and myself the same instant. On the following morning Gregoire was despatched with F—— and Antoine to take another *route*, in order to come on to a place where Beaver are to be found in a small stream which was within about twelve miles, with directions to take a certain course and join us at the hunting-ground which I have before mentioned. No sooner had they left us than I remarked that John walked faster than usual, and took what appeared to me a different road to that followed the year before; knowing his peculiarities, I forbore to question him, and merely contented myself with internally wondering at his object in thus hurrying on so rapidly, and endeavored at the same time to keep pace with him. By eight o'clock we arrived, and the first squaw whom I met was one of the noble girls whom I had promised to introduce to F——, but not the one whom I most admired.

Mamitta was the one who first joined us, and in her simple but forcible language said, "It gives me good to see you once more on the hunting-grounds. You have not finished liking the Indians."

Now, though I was not then inclined to fall in love with the Indian girl, being over head and ears in love at the time with a "pale face," (no less a personage than the present Mrs. H.—Tell it not in Gath!) I did feel a certain non-describable sensation which prompted me, on giving her the new chintz which I brought for her and her sister to make them tunics, to give her a hearty kiss, but mind ye, gentle readers, a kiss purely of fraternal affection! Happening to cast my eye round, as turning to compliment John on the improved appearance of his niece, I stood transfixed to the spot, my blood absolutely curdling at the demoniacal expression of his face. The scowl—the closed teeth—his attitude—his hatchet half raised—presenting a *tout ensemble* so appalling that I have never been able to efface it from my memory; and to this day, without derogating from my courage, I never see an angry Indian that I don't give him as sailors would say "a wide berth!" Recovering my presence of mind, I calmly said, "John, what is the meaning of all this, have I done anything to injure you by saluting your niece?"

John was himself again, and hurriedly answered, "No, no, Monsieur, not angry with you, but what you did put me in mind of another man."

The girl, whose eyes filled with tears in an instant on hearing her uncle's words, putting her hand in his own, conversed in Indian in a low tone of voice with him, and was evidently struck and alarmed with some information which he imparted to her. When they rejoined me, I asked where "my squaw," as I used to call her, Tometilla was? and I was told I should soon see her, which I did in a few minutes; but, good God! what a change in her whom I thought the noblest looking girl I had ever seen. Pale, emaciated, and care-worn, as if withering under the influence of some inward canker; the tears started to my eyes when I held her thin hand, and when my repeated and anxious greetings were answered but with sobs. John and her sister had left me with her at the moment of my entering the hut, and when she became calm she told me her sad tale. When in the winter previous I had left Antoine to come on to Quebec with the deer, he had won the affections of the poor girl, and after depriving her of her virtue, left her to become a mother to his child. At the instant when she shewed me the infant, then but two months old, we were interrupted, nor could I obtain an opportunity that night of speaking again to her. The next morning brought F——, with Antoine and Gregoire, and I immediately called Antoine apart, and upbraided him with his conduct toward Tometilla. Poor fellow! his voice faltering as he answered me and said, "God knows, Monsieur, I have been punished enough during all my illness; my conscience smote me with my villainy towards her, and I only begged of you to take me to the *chasse* with you that I might see her again and claim her as my wife, whom, believe me, Sir, I dearly love."

"Do you say so? then be it so, and we will leave to-morrow for Quebec, where you shall be married immediately. But come, Antoine, let us not keep her an instant longer in ignorance of your good intentions."

We hurried to the *cabane*, and I know not how to describe the meeting. He sprung towards her, but she to my astonishment repulsed him, motioning him away, and peremptorily ordered him from the hut.

Antoine, seizing one of her hands, whispered but two or three words, whilst I forcibly held back John, when, God forbid that I should ever again hear the scream, the shriek which accompanied the words, "*Me marier, mon cher, cher Antoine, tu me perce.*" Antoine caught her in his arms, the crimson stream bubbled over her lips, one gasp—one slight shudder, and the agonizing cry which burst from Antoine shewed that the heart of the faithful Indian girl had not been able to bear the weight of joy so long a stranger to her.

Sorrowfully we returned to Quebec. In one month I buried my poor boy, and, reader, I never again have attempted a "Moose Hunt."

Montreal, Sept. 29, 1837. A CANADIAN TURFMAN.

HISTORY OF THE ORIGIN OF THE ENGLISH CATTLE NOW IN KENTUCKY.

MR. NORVELL,—We are informed in a late Reporter, that there are some English Cattle on their way to this neighborhood for breeders. We congratulate our agricultural friends on this accession of real wealth to our State; the citizens of which only want to be apprized of the advantage of crossing the breed of their common cattle with the English to realize it.

Having some little knowledge of the origin of the English cattle now in the State, I have thought it would not be uninteresting to the public to communicate it, imperfect as it is, soliciting a like publication from any gentleman of such facts relative thereto as he may be possessed of. In England, where great attention is paid to rearing all kinds of stock, and where agriculture in general is brought to greater perfection than in any other part of the world, they take particular care to keep their different breeds separate and distinct, and hence the precision and particularity of the pedigrees of their stock.

Thirty or forty years ago, old Mr. Patton purchased an English Bull, of the long horn or beef breed; himself and neighbors, residing on the south branch of the Potomac, in Virginia, bred from this bull with common cows of the country. Some years afterwards the same gentleman procured a full blooded bull and cow of the short horn, or milk breed; the cross of the milk and the part blooded beef breed produced very fine and large cattle, which are known in this State as Patton's breed.

About this time, Mr. Miller, of Augusta County, Va., imported a bull of the beef breed, and a cow of the milk breed, and afterwards purchased an imported bull of the milk breed.

The first English cattle brought to Kentucky were of Patton's stock, being mixed or crossed with the beef and milk breed; and indeed, this stock is the great basis of English cattle in this State. Mr. Harrison, of Clarke County, got a bull from Miller's stock in Virginia; the cross of this bull and Patton cows produced very fine animals. Then came Smith's celebrated bull, also from Miller's stock; and lately Mr. Inskeep, of this county, has got out two very fine bulls from Virginia, (a brindle and a red,) the brindle of Miller's stock, it is not known from what particular stock the red one comes. Mr. Harrison had a bull and cow he called the Carey breed, which is not much esteemed. Messrs. Hutchcraft and Welton have a very fine bull called the Shaker. All the English cattle in Kentucky, it is believed, have their origin from the above. Any gentleman, however, possessing other or more information relative to this subject, will oblige many friends to agriculture by publishing the same in some newspaper in this State.

From the stock we now have, with proper attention to keep, and the selection of males, we may safely calculate upon producing as fine cattle as any in the known world. A judicious crossing with the late imported ones will tend vastly to accelerate this object.

Lewis Sanders, Captain William Smith, and Dr. William H. Tegarden, being anxious to improve the breed of their cattle, forwarded an order to England about twelve months ago, for six young bulls and heifers, with particular and specific instructions to select two pair of each of the following breeds for breeders, viz:—Two pair of the *Tees Water*, celebrated for their beautiful forms, arriving to perfection at an early age, carrying the flesh and fat on the desirable points, and very famous for giving large quantities of rich milk.

Two pair of the *Long Horn* breed, notoriously the most beautiful cattle in all England, being the breed that Bakewell selected to make his improvements on, and was Mr. Princep's breed, who in 1809 refused 1500 guineas for the season of one of his bulls to *only* 30 cows; this is the breed known in Kentucky as the *beef breed*, although the cows do not give as much milk as the *Tees Water* or *Holderness*, yet it is of a very rich quality, as will be seen by reference to experiments made at the dairy of the Earl of Chesterfield in May and June, 1807 and 1808, now published with these papers.

Also two pair of the *Holderness*, or milk breed. This breed is notoriously the best for milk of any known in England, and is so classed by a reference to experiments made as above. This is the breed of cattle that the cow-keepers in and near London keep to supply that great city with milk. There was no less than 8500 cows in the year 1798 kept for that purpose, which produced a clear profit to the cow-keepers of 240,833*l.* sterling, or $1,069,300; and the whole money paid for milk in one year by the inhabitants of London, amounts to the enormous sum of 481,667*l.* sterling, or $2,140,000!

The order for these cattle was sent to the commercial house of Buchanan, Smith & Co., Liverpool, without limit as to price, ordering a selection of the best young cattle that could be produced for breeders; if the prime or first cost exceed thirty guineas each, the order was to have been curtailed to half the number of cattle; but still instructed to procure the best that could be had. They employed a Mr. Etches to go into the counties producing the best cattle to make purchases agreeably to order. Annexed is the invoice, &c.:—

Invoice of Cattle on board the Mohawk, for Baltimore, consigned to Messrs. Hollins & M'Blair, merchants there.

1 Bull from Mr. Clement Wiston, on the river Tees, got by Mr. Constable's bull, brother to Comet.

1 bull, Holderness breed, of Mr. Scott, out of a cow that gave 34 quarts of milk per day; large breed.

1 bull from Mr. Reed, West Holme, of his own old Bull.

1 bull, Holderness breed, from Mr. Humphreys, got by Mr. Ware's bull, of Ingleton.

1 bull, Long horned breed, by Mr. Jackson Kendall, out of a cow that won the premium.

1 bull, Long horned, from Mr. Ewartson Crosby Hall, is of a very fine fat breed.

1 heifer from Mr. Wilson, of Standross, Durham breed.

3 heifers from Mr. Shippman, by the river Tees, his own breed.

2 heifers, Long horned breed, from Mr. Ewartson Crosby Hall, of the Westmoreland breed.

Cost delivered on board the ship, 345*l.* 14s. 5d. sterling, or	$1536 50
This money was sent from Kentucky to New York when Exchange was 8 per cent in favor of New York, and 8 per cent. in favor of England, making 16 per cent.	245 00
Freight and all expenses to Baltimore	1550 00
	3381 50
Insurance could not be effected under 33⅓ per cent.	1110 50
Expenses from Baltimore to Kentucky	500 00
	4942 00
Insurance out to Kentucky being greater than across the sea—one having died, and another lame, and left in Maryland, say 33⅓ on $4942	1647 33
	6589 33
Commissions to Agents, and Postage	100 00
	6689 33
Cost of each $557.44	

Kentucky Gazette, Aug. 9.

MEMORANDUMS FROM A SHOOTER'S NOTE-BOOK.

"Where we least think of it, there starts the hare."—DON QUIXOTTE.

The above remark of the inimitable Cervantes is but one of the many memorable aphorisms that are to be found in his immortal pages, and although by no means intended to illustrate a sporting subject there, may be well placed as a motto to one here. Some unexpected occurrence arises in every day's sport, of a nature to interest or perplex, to discomfort or to gratify: so much so, that the event least expected most commonly happens—by the same sort of fatality that one's pencil-case is mostly in the pocket we least seek it in. The familiar incidents of one man's existence are novelties in that of another. The country one shoots over, or the country one shoots in,—the open and the woodland, the mountainous and the marshy—the sportsman and the novice—all tend to diversify the events of the day.

The bits and scraps which these remarks are intended to usher in are the gleanings of some years, put down in a note-book upon the instant, or shortly afterwards; and in some instances recorded from the mouth of an old sportsman, though in the majority of cases from my own personal observation. My object is to be practically useful, and though many of my memorandums must appear simple and common-place to the old sportsman, I feel certain there is much in them to repay a perusal by the young.

I.—A pointer will often find in September when a setter cannot, owing to the dryness of the ground. Hence it is prudent to hunt them together, for thereby the one will pick up what the other most probably would have missed.

II.—No good pheasant-shooting can be had in a deeep snow. The pheasants cannot hide, so run on to the outside of the wood where they begin to rise, and are shortly all on the wing. I saw this one day last January after the great snow drift, which it will be remembered stopped all the mails throughout the kingdom. We were shooting in a wood where it was expected there were three hundred brace. From sixteen to twenty brace were wanted, and twenty-three pheasants only killed. They ran before the beaters until they had got together at a point of the wood, when they began to fly of their own accord over our heads back again. On any other day, after so driving them, we could have badged from thirty to forty brace with ease.

III.—The scent is always good when the snow is partly melted, and the thaw continues.

IV.—The first frosty mornings in September are always followed by rain.

V.—If the wind is in the south in February and March, and blows fresh about sunrise, rain follows.

VI.—In January, when the birds are on the young wheat, tilts, and barley stubbles, you may beat a whole manor with a steady spaniel or a retriever and see no game, for the birds run and rise while you are watching your dog, or looking over your beat. By going over the same ground the next day with a pointer you will see plenty of game, but the birds will hardly lie to your dog. I have tried both plans, and prefer the latter, as affording more chances of killing.

VII.—A hare will always be found in a wheat stubble in November, if no cattle have been recently disturbing it.

VIII.—A bird which towers and falls at a distance over a hedge or two, is never so far off as it seems to drop.

IX.—The steadiest spaniel is of no use in *bare* open fields in November for partridge and hare shooting. The better plan appears to be to work a steady pointer, which you can keep well in.

X.—On very wet tilts a hare will lie, where there is a vein of gravel, being the driest part of the field. A hare seldom lies close on tilts.

XI.—Pheasants always crow in May and June, in a thunder-storm, between the claps. By listening round the woods at this season, one may soon discover whether or not there are many pheasants in the cover.

XII.—A friend of mine who has a farm among the woods had his barley frequently eaten off by the rabbits. Last spring he ran a tarred cord round the field about two feet from the ground, supporting it at every seven yards with a stick. To the cords rags of all colors were tied, some touching the ground, and others hanging mid-way. The rabbits would not face the rags, and never hurt the barley.

XIII.—At day-break, in September, the coveys generally lie on the barley stubbles, unless the seeds are high and wet underneath, and then they lie upon the wheat.

XIV.—On a *very* windy day, birds will always be found in turnips, cole-seed, or gorse, and with difficulty be driven out.

XV.—Pheasants lie on that side of the wood where stubbles are, in preference to grass fields; and in the high wood before they are driven into the springs.

XVI.—Young rabbits leave the burrows most readily after showers, when the evening is gleamy, or after a long drought during a drizzling rain.

XVII.—A woodcock generally lies a few yards in the high wood, by the side of the young spring, and when flushed, drops in any open space, rack-way, or riding.

XVIII.—Hares lie near towns and villages, especially the latter. An old orchard, stack-yard, garden, or double fence near it, is seldom without one

XIX.—When woodcocks first come over in October, they pitch in spinies and double quick-lines before they enter the woods. Hence the same spiny, or quick-line, in an open country, which has previously afforded a temporary shelter for cocks, will generally contain one.

XX.—Never disturb the coveys you intend to begin with on the 1st of September by breaking dogs to them. It is enough to have seen them once early in the morning, a week before, to know where to prick for them.

XXI.—A sportsman should never be without a knife, a piece of string, and a guinea.

XXII.—During a flood in winter, the coveys from the lowlands resort to the hills, and will make the shooting there at such time excellent. I was out the last day of last season during a flood, and saw more coveys on the hills in one manor, beneath which a valley lay under water, than I saw on the 1st of September.

XXIII.—Pheasants will not always rise to steady spaniels, when the woods is large and the pheasants thin. In such a case it is advisable to get a couple that run hares and rabbits, and open well, which will have the effect of springing the pheasants which run before the steady dogs and get away.

XXIV.—Cock-pheasants never rise well until afternoon, which makes the first three hours in the best preserves slow work.

XXV.—A covey lost in September is not gone far, but lies close and has been over-run. Another reason for beating close and not rambling far the first few days of the season.

XXVI.—Often, when feeding a puppy, fire your gun, which will ensure his not running off in the field. Many a well-bred dog has been spoiled by neglect of this caution.

XXVII.—Destroy every head of vermin in your power. The hawk, kite, weasel, stoat, magpie, carrion-crow, and pole-cat; for if each of these kill only one head of game a week, it kills fifty-two head in a year, and prevents the breeding of several hundreds, at the most moderate calculation.

XXVIII.—If a covey lies so near a river as to cross it, and thereby baulk the sportsmen on that beat, instead of giving it up as unapproachable, bring a boat to the place and follow the birds. I have done so more than once and had good sport. In December, 1835, I followed thirteen birds, and got nine of them amongst the osier holts, on the south side of the Nene.

XXIX.—Where wild fowl alight at night they will be found at day-break. Shortly after which they leave for the decoys or high lands.

XXX.—Pheasants must have water, and if there is a pond in a wood they will visit it about two o'clock in an afternoon. About that hour also they leave the woods and get out upon their feed. A potato field near, or adjoining a wood, is certain to hold a pheasant at this time of the day.

XXXI.—Colonel Hawker says the best gun is a thirteen gauge, and I believe he is right. N. W.

Peterborough, 9th August. London (New) Sporting Mag. for Sept.

ANGLING IN SEPTEMBER.

If business, or bad health, or any other unforseen cause, has prevented you from angling the two last months, still you have this, which is one of the best for every sort of angling.

Supposing you begin with salmon, or rather trout, as they are superior "*game fish,*" inquire for some clear water kept up by a mill dam, with rapid eddies, where other fish are not generally found; in such situation you are almost sure of sport, either by fly or worm, or even a gentle on the hook with the fly is a most tempting and killing bait. If a fly, the red hackle or the dun, or near the grayling he may be taken by the same baits.

The pike, by way of change, may also be sought after, (and will run this month, if not too hot weather) in some retired waters, with clayey bottom;—trolling with a good lively minnow or gudgeon, you are almost sure of sport;—or the same bait and tackle will do for perch, only a more lively stream; rather towards the source of the waters than to descend to their outlets to the ocean, with a gravelly bottom. And if you are possessed with the most necessary virtue, patience, you may try carp, but you must rise very early in the morning and bait the ground over night with graves or grains; and as this is a most cautious and crafty fish, you must proceed the more carefully; the best bait is a worm with only a single shot on the line, among large flags and water weeds, to let it drop off a leaf; and keep throwing in small pellets of bread, worked up with clean hands, all the time you are angling. You must commence very early in the morning. If they do not soon take the bait you may give it up, and pursue some other fish. The bream will take the same bait, also tench, which bite very freely; the writer of this has caught tench in a retired pond until he was wearied of pulling them out of the water; roach will take the same bait, but this fish requires a brisker stream, and the gentle is preferable to any other; bait within an inch of the bottom, be careful to strike at the end of your swim; if in a river, make up some good ground bait. This is also a biting fish, and affords the angler more sport than many others.

Gudgeon are lively fish, but only caught with red worms and raking the bot-bottom, sometimes two or three at a time. This can be attended to when you are tired of other fishing; you are almost sure of sport after this firsh.

"The Sportsman" for Sept., 1837. THE OLD ANGLER.

A Worm removed from the Eye of an Arab Race Horse.

A high-bred Arab,—then in the possession of Captain Seton, town-major of Bombay,—when under training was observed to be out of condition. The horse was dull, and off his feed, and had, what I have invariably observed, the strange, and almost unaccountable symptom of great weakness in the loins. The eye affected was slightly weak and watery, but free from any perceptible inflammation, and the aqueous and other humors were in a perfectly natural state. The worm had been distinctly seen for several days, moving about in the whole circumference of the anterior chamber, exactly like an eel in a basin of water, apparently in the full enjoyment of its natural element. It was nearly an inch long, of the diameter of sewing silk, and of a beautiful silvery whiteness.

Having previously secured the animal by casting him on a soft bed of straw, in a strong light, several persons holding his head down securely, in the presence of many sporting gentlemen, one of whom secured the upper lid with Pellier's silver elevator, with a common cataract knife, I made a free crucial incision into the cornea, below the pupil. The aqueous humor immediately escaped in a sudden gush, bringing with it the worm, which did not long survive the change of its situation.

The eye was now secured much after the same manner as after the operation for extraction of cataract in the human eye, and measures were taken to prevent his rubbing it against the manger. The wound healed without a bad symptom; the aqueous humor was soon re-produced, and the sight not in the least degree injured. The animal rapidly improved in health, and became a great and deserved favorite on the Calcutta turf, where he was afterwards sent, winning many races.

It is well to observe, that in performing this operation a strong light is desirable, as it is necessary to the operator to distinctly see whether the worm comes away with the aqueous humor. I have in two instances performed this operation, when, from the aqueous humor spirting out on the ground, the worm could not be discovered; though, from the favorable issue of the cases, I infer it must have came away. The worm does not always confine itself to the aqueous humor in the anterior chamber; I have seen it disappear apparently behind the iris and again return through the pupil.

It is easy to conceive the injury that is likely to arise from the continuance of the worm even in the anterior part of the eye; but how much more so would it be in the posterior and more sensitive parts of that organ, and out of reach of observation? Though I have no means of knowing it to be the fact, yet I firmly believe that many eyes are lost from the same cause, simply from the inflammation and ulceration produced by the presence of this irritating foreign body in so sensitive a part. London (New) Sporting Mag. for Sept.

The project of Mr. Weller, sen., to effect the discharge of Mr. Pickwick from the Fleet.—"Sammy," whispered Mr. Weller, looking cautiously round, "my duty to your gov'ner, and tell him if he thinks better o' this here bis'ness, to commoonicate vith me. Me and a cab'net-maker has dewised a plan for gettin' him out. A pianner, Samivel—a pianner!" said Mr. Weller, striking his son on the chest with the back of his hand, and falling back a step or two.

"Wot do you mean?" said Sam.

"A pianner forty, Samivel," rejoined Mr. Weller, in a still more mysterious manner, "as he can have on hire; vun as von't play, Sammy."

"And wot 'ud be the good o' that?" said Sam.

"Let him send to my friend the cab'net-maker to fetch it back, Sammy," replied Mr. Weller. "Are you avake now?"

"No," rejoined Sam.

"There ain't no vurks in it," whispered his father. "It 'ull hold him easy, vith his hat and shoes on; and breathe through the legs, vich is holler. Have a passage ready taken for 'Merriker. The 'Merrikin gov'ment vill never give him up ven vunce they finds as he's got money to spend, Sammy. Let the gov'ner stop there till Mrs. Bardell's dead, or Mr. Dodson and Fogg's hung, vich last ewent I think is most likely to happen first, Sammy; and then let him come back and write a book about the 'Merrikins as 'll pay all his expenses and more, if he blows 'em up enough."

Mr. Weller delivered this hurried abstract of his plot with great vehemence of whisper, and then as if fearful of weakening the effect of the tremendous communication by any further dialogue, gave the coachman's salute, and vanished.

A MAN OF FEW WORDS.—A young man some time since arrived at a certain inn, and after alighting from his horse went into the travellers' room, where he walked backwards and forwards for some time, displaying the utmost self-importance. At length he rang the bell, and upon the waiter's appearance, gave him an order nearly as follows:—"Waiter!"

"Sir."

"I am a man of few words, and don't like to be continually ringing the bell, and disturbing the house; I'll thank you to pay attention to what I say."

"Yes, Sir," replied the waiter.

"In the first place, bring me a glass of brandy and water (cold), with a little sugar, and also a tea-spoon; wipe down this table, throw some coals on the fire, and wipe down the hearth: bring me a couple of candles, pen, ink, and paper, some wafers, a little sealing-wax, and let me know what time the post goes out; tell the ostler to take care of my horse, dress him well, stop his feet, and let me know when he's ready to feed; order the chambermaid to prepare me a good bed, take care that the sheets are well aired, and put a clean night-cap and a glass of water in the room; send the boots with a pair of slippers that I can walk to the stable in; tell him I must have my boots cleaned and brought into the room to-night, and I shall want to be called at five o'clock in the morning; ask your mistress what I can have for supper, tell her I should like to have a roast duck, or something of that sort; desire your master to step in, I want to ask him a few questions about the drapers of this town."

The waiter answered "Yes, Sir," and then went to the landlord, and told him a gentleman in the parlor wanted a great many things, and amongst the rest, he wanted him, and that was all he could recollect.

A WHISTLING SHOP.—"Would you like to see a whistling-shop, sir?" enquired Job Trotter.

"What do you mean?" was Mr. Pickwick's counter enquiry.

"A vistlin' shop, sir," interposed Mr. Weller.

"What is that, Sam?—a bird-fancier's?" enquired Mr. Pickwick.

"Bless your heart, no, sir," replied Job; "a whistling shop, sir, is where they sell spirits."

Mr. Job Trotter briefly explained here, that all persons, being prohibited under heavy penalties from conveying spirits into debtors' prisons, and such commodities being highly prized by the ladies and gentlemen confined therein, it had occurred to some speculative turnkey to connive, for certain lucrative considerations, at two or three prisoners retailing the favorite article of gin, for their own profit and advantage.

"This plan you see, sir, has been gradually introduced into all the prisons for debt," said Mr. Trotter.

"And it has this werry great adwantage," said Sam, "that the turnkeys takes werry good care to seize hold o' every body but them as pays 'em, that attempts the willainy, and ven it gets in the papers they're applauded for their wigilance; so it cuts two vays—frightens other people from the trade, and elewates their own characters."

"Exactly so, Mr. Weller," observed Job.

"Well, but are these rooms never searched to ascertain whether any spirits are concealed in them?" said Mr. Pickwick.

"Certainly they are, sir," replied Sam; "but the turnkeys knows before-hand, and gives the vord to the vistlers, and you *may* vistle for it ven you go to look."

Pickwick.

SWEEPSTAKES,
Over the Pharsalia Course, near Natchez, Miss.

No. 1. Mile heats, subscription $100, forfeit $50. The second Saturday in November, 1837.

1. W. J. Minor names s. f. by Longwaist, out of Countess Bertrand, by Bertrand.
2. " " " gr. f. Gulia Grisi, by Longwaist—Jane Grey, by Orphan Boy.
3. W. H. Chambers names b. f. by Red Rover—Mary Mead, by Palafox.
4. P. Hoggatt names gr. g. by Longwaist—Piano, by Pacolet.
5. O. F. Hornsby names b. g. by Red Rover—Fennella, by Whip.
6. F. L. Claiborne names f. by Red Rover—Wild Gazelle, by Sir William.
7. Isaac Elmine names gr. f. by Longwaist—Minerva, by Mercury.
8. W. S. Smith names s. f. by Longwaist—Flight, by Virginian.
9. Osmun Claiborne names s. f. by Longwaist—Old Dido. [Closed.]

No. 2. For 3 yr. olds, Two mile heats; sub. $1000, ft. $250—Tuesday of the week previous to the Spring meeting of the Natchez Jockey Club in 1838.

1. Thos. J. Wells names Longitude, by Leviathan, out of Harriet, by Sir Archie.
2. " " " Jane Elliot, by Leviathan, dam by Pacolet.
3. W. J. Minor names br. c. Doncaster (imp.) by Longwaist—Lady Ern, by Muley.
4. " " " br. f. Britannia (imp.), by Muley—Nancy, Longwaist's dam.
5. A. L. Bingaman names s. c. Tishimingo, by Leviathan—Lilac's dam, by Sir Archie.
6. E. Elliot & Co. name b. f. Catherine, by Leviathan—Lucy Brooks, by Bertrand.
7. J. Duncan & J. W. Withers name ch. f. Own Sister to Linnet. [Closed.]

No. 3. For 2 yr. olds, Mile heats; sub. $200, ft. $100. Second Saturday in Nov. 1838.

1. F. L. Claiborne names s. c. Red Jacket, by Rattler—Wild Gazelle, by Sir William.
2. A. L. Bingaman names b. f. by Pacific—Miss Bailey—Imp. Boaster.
3. W. J. Minor names s. f. Garcia, by Longwaist—Jane Grey, by Orphan Boy.
4. " " " s. c. Native, by the Saddler—Imp. Novelty, by Blacklock.
5. A. L. Bingaman names b. f. by Bertrand—Sister to Remus, by Pacolet.
6. F. L. Claiborne names b. f. Seminola, by Tranby—Medley Mare.
7. A. L. Bingaman names gr. f. by O'Kelly—Lucy Brooks, by Bertrand.
8. W. J. Minor names b. f. by Longwaist—Countess Bertrand, by Bertrand.—[Closed.]

No. 4. For 2 yr. olds, Mile heats; sub. $1000, ft. $250. Second Saturday in Dec. 1838.

1. J. B. Pryor names produce of Tochechana and Leviathan.
2. W. J. Minor names s. c. Native, produce of Novelty and The Saddler.
3. " " " b. c. Glennara, produce of Nell Gwynn and Rowton.
4. S. D. Elliot names produce of Miss Bailey and Pacific.
5. F. L. Claiborne names produce of Medley Mare and Tranby.
6. A. L. Bingaman names produce of Chuckaluck and Bertrand.
7. W. H. Chambers names produce of Kate Plowden and Bertrand.
8. M. E. Boyles names produce of Ad. Jackson's dam and Luzborough.
9. " " " produce of Jenny Deavers and Luzborough. [Closed.]

No. 5. Mile heats, sub. $1000, ft. $250. Monday preceding the Spring meeting of the Natchez Jockey Club, 1839.

1. A. L. Bingaman names f. foal, by Bertrand—Madge Wild Fire.
2. O. Claiborne " " " " Lisbon Maid.
3. L. Cock " " " " Sally Nailor.

Dec. 9th, 1836. [Closed.]

No. 6. For 2 yr. olds, Mile heats; sub. $500, ft. $200. Second Tuesday in Nov. 1839.

1. W. J. Minor names gr. c. Garrick, by Longwaist—Jane Grey.
2. A. L. Bingaman names br. c. by Leviathan—Chuckforhila, by Bertrand.
3. " " " b. f. Nehusta, by Leviathan—Own Sister to Betsey Malone.
4. Osmun Claiborne names b. c. by Leviathan—Energy, by Stockholder.
5. " " " gr. c. by Leviathan—Primrose, by Sir Henry Tonson.
6. W. J. Minor names ———

To close on the 1st of May, 1838. Gentlemen wishing to enter in this stake will please enclose their nominations (post paid) to John Routh, Esq. Natchez.

No. 7. For 2 yr. olds, Mile heats; sub. $300, ft. $100. First Saturday in Nov. 1838.

1. R. C. Evans names s. f. by Longwaist—Phœbe, by Bertrand.
2. A. L. Bingaman names g. c. by Medley—Fortuna, by Pacolet.
3. W. J. Minor names b. f. by Longwaist—Countess Bertrand, by Bertrand.
4. " " " s. f. Garcia, by Longwaist—Jane Grey, by Orphan Boy.

Closes on the 1st of Jan. 1838. Nominations directed as above. N. B. This Stake is free only for colts and fillies got by stallions that stood in Mississippi or Louisiana.

Pharsalia Course, Natchez, Miss., July 5, 1837.—[Ju22] A. G. McNULTY, *Proprietor.*

SWEEPSTAKES, LAFAYETTE COURSE, AUGUSTA, Ga.

SWEEPSTAKES now open for 1839, sub. $500, h. ft. Two mile heats. To name and close before the first day of October, 1837, to which there are six subscribers, 3 or more to make a race.

SUBSCRIBERS.

Col. Wade Hampton.	Robert D. Glover.
Col. Joseph H. Townes.	G. Edmonson
Col. John Crowell.	John Morrison.

SWEEPSTAKES now open for December, 1840. Entrance $1000, ft. $250. Two mile heats. Four or more to make a race. To name and close at our next December meeting. Now three subscribers, viz.:—

Augustus H. Kenan | Col. W. Hampton | Griffin Edmonson.

Augusta, Ga., May 18, 1837. [m27] JAMES LAMKIN & Co., Proprietors.

CAMDEN (S. C.) JOCKEY CLUB RACES,

WILL commence, on this course, on the 1st Monday in Nov. next, with a Sweepstakes Mile heats, sub. $100, h. ft., for 3 yr. old colts and fillies. Closed with 6 subs.

1. J. J. Moore,	4. J. B. Richardson,
2. J. J. Mickle,	5. W. Hampton,
3. P. McRa,	6. A. R. Ruffin.

Tuesday.—J. C. Purse, Four mile heats; purse not less than $600.
Wednesday.—J. C. Purse, Three mile heats; purse not less than $500.
Thursday.—J. C. Purse, Two mile heats; purse not less than $350.
Friday.—J. C. Purse, Mile heats, best 3 in 5; purse not less than $350.

Camden, S. C. July 18, 1837. [Ju29] J. S. NETTLES, *Sec'y and Treas'r.*

COLUMBIA (S. C.) JOCKEY CLUB RACES.

ANNUAL RACES.—Will come off the Third Tuesday in Nov. 1837.

First day—Four mile heats,
Second day—Three mile heats,
Third day—Two mile heats,
Fourth day—Mile heats, best 3 in 5,
} Free for all horses.

On the day previous a Stake for colts and fillies, 3 yrs. old; 14 subs.; $200 ent., h. ft.; Two mile heats. Closed.

Col. W. Hampton names produce of Pocahontas and Godolphin.
Col. Spann names produce of Grey Girl and Bertrand, jun.
P. M. Butler names produce of Symmetry and Godolphin.
J. H. Hammond names produce of Arcadian and Eclipse.
J. J. Mickle names produce of Young Grand Duchess and Yeman.
John McLean names produce of Lady Burk and Herr Cline.
W. Thompson names produce of Sally Hopkin and Red-gauntlet.
W. E. Haskell names produce of Amanda and Rob Roy.
P. McRae names produce of a Bedford Mare and Godolphin.
Col. Singleton names produce of Phenomena and Luzborough.
M. R. Smith names produce of Mary Frances and Bertrand
Col. W. C. Beatty names produce of Stockholder Mare and Eclipse.
F. J. Henderson names produce of Pacolet Mare and Bertrand.
Col. J. J. Mickle names produce of Virginia Mare and Yeman.

On the Monday following the annual races, the Hampton Plate will be run for according to the following Resolution of the Club.

Resolved, That the entrance for the Hampton Plate shall be equal to the value of the Plate—shall be reinstated in Plate of the same value and description, to be run for annually the day after the regular races—distance, Two mile heats. Free for all horses carrying their appropriate weights. [S2-4t] G. STALKER, *Sec'y and Treas'r.*

SWEEPSTAKES—FAIRFIELD, Va.

A Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, Spring meeting of 1838, out of mares that never won a race, nor produced a winner; Mile heats; ent. $150, ft. $100. To name and close 1st March, 1838. Now 6 subs., and promises well, as there is a large number of mares of that class. Intended entirely for "Honest Countrymen," who are "kept out of play" generally, by the "high trump."

A Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, Spring, 1838; Mile heats. Ent. $200, h. ft. To name and close 1st Jan. 1838.

A Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, Spring of 1839. Mile heats; ent. $1000, ft. $200; 4 or more to make a race. To name and close 1st July, 1838. Now one sub.

A Produce Stake for 3 yr. olds, Spring of 1839, Mile heats; ent. $300, ft. $100. To name and close 1st Jan., 1838. Now 7 subs.

A Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, Spring meeting, 1840, Mile heats; ent. $500, ft. $200. To name and close 1st Jan. 1838. Now 2 subs. [Ju29] JOHN S. CORBIN, *Proprietor.*

NEWBERRY C. H. (S. C.) JOCKEY CLUB RACES,

WILL commence on this course, on Monday, the 25th Dec. next, with a Sweepstakes, Two mile heats; sub. $100, h. ft., for 3 yr. old colts and fillies. Closed with 5 subs.

James M. Henderson.	Major J. M. Starke.
W. R. Smith.	Simeon Fair, Esq.
Major Wm. Eadins.	

Tuesday—J. C. Purse, Two mile heats.
Wednesday—J. C. Purse, Mile heats.
Thursday—J. C. Purse, Three mile heats.
Friday—J. C. Purse, Mile heats, best 3 in 5.

And on Wednesday, immediately after the regular race is over, a Sweepstakes will be run, Mile heats, sub. $100, h. ft., for 2 yr. old colts and fillies. Closed with 7 subs.

Major J. D. Williams,	Major J. M. Starke,
William Noland,	Major J. D. Williams,
M. R. Smith,	Capt. A. Griffin.
Simeon Fair, Esq.	

There is also two other Sweepstakes, still open, to come off Fall meeting, 1838, to both of which, however, there is a sufficient number of subs. to ensure a race.

[S2] R. STEWART, *Sec'y & Treas'r.*

MEDLEY COLT FOR SALE.

A GREY COLT, by Medley, of first rate pedigree, fine form and size, and now two years old. For terms apply to the Editor of the Spirit of the Times, 157 Broadway. [m27]

MOBILE JOCKEY CLUB RACES.

THE RACES over the BASCOMBE COURSE will come off on the 21st of November next, and continue five days. First day, a Post Sweepstakes, for colts and fillies, three years old, spring 1837, two mile heats, $500 entrance, $300 forfeit, to close 1st September next—four entries.

Second day,	Jockey Club	Purse,	$500,	Two Mile Heats.
Third day,	do	do	700,	Three Mile Heats.
Fourth day,	do	do	1000,	Four Mile Heats.
Fifth day,	do	do	300,	Best 3 in 5.

All entries for the Sweepstakes to be addressed to the Secretary, enclosing note for forfeit, payable 1st November next. The money for each day's Purse hung up without discount. Entrance, five per cent. on the amount of purses. Stables and litter furnished by the proprietor gratis. EDW'D B. GALE Secretary.

☞ The Races at Huntsville, Columbus, Miss., and Greensboro, Ala., will be so arranged, as to give [illegible] coming in that direction time to get to Mobile and New Orleans for the Races. sr9

IMPORTANT SALE OF BLOOD STOCK.

THE Subscribers will sell at public auction on the Four mile day of the 2d Fall meeting of the N. Y. Jockey Club Union Course, L. I., a number of valuable thorough-bred horses, at John R. Snediker's Hotel, at 10 o'clock, particulars of which will hereafter be given. [o7] JOHN W. WATSON & Co., Tattersalls, Broadway.

SITUATION WANTED.

AN ENGLISH GROOM that can adduce the best references for his probity and faithfulness, is desirous of procuring a situation as assistant in a training stable, or in a gentleman's family. He is acquainted with the management of horses, and will make himself generally useful. Notes addressed to "P. R." and left at this office, will meet prompt attention.

NEW ORLEANS J. C. RACES—ECLIPE COURSE,

THE NEW ORLEANS RACES, over the Eclipse Course, will commence the first Tuesday in December, 1837, for the following purses.—

Four mile heats $3000, $500 to the second best horse.
Three mile heats $2000, $400 to the second best horse.
Two mile heats $1500, $300 to the second best horse.

Two mile heats, Plate, value $1000—5 year olds and under, their appropriate weight; 6 yr. olds and over, 100lbs. Liberal purses will be given for Mile heats and Mile heats best 3 in 5. Same purses will be given at the Spring meeting, the first Tuesday in April, 1838.

Y. N. OLIVER, *Proprietor and Treasurer.*

SWEEPSTAKES to be run over the Eclipse Course, New Orleans, Fall meeting, 1837; to commence 1st Tuesday in December.

A Post Stake for all ages, Four mile heats; sub. $5000, ft. $1000; 3 or more to make a race. To be run the Saturday previous to the first Tuesday in December. To close the 1st Sept. 1837. One subscriber.—This stake will in all probability have 6 subs.

A Sweepstakes for 3 year olds, to run 1st day of the Fall meeting, 1837, Mile heats; sub. $1000, ft. $250; to name and close as above.

Spring meeting, 1838, to commence 1st Tuesday in April.

A Post Stake, P. P., for 3 year old colts and fillies, Mile heats; sub. $1000; 5 subs. and closed.

Sweepstakes for all ages, Three mile heats; sub. $2500, ft. $1000; 3 or more to make a race. To run the Saturday previous to the first Tuesday in April. To name and close the 1st of Jan. 1838. Address Y. N. OLIVER, New Orleans.

New Orleans, May 1, 1837. [m13]

ELKHORN (Ky.) FALL RACES

WILL come off the first Wednesday in November, 1837.

First Day—Sweepstakes for 2 yr. olds, ent. $100, h. ft., and closed.

Wm. Buford, jun., names ch. f. Ellen Tree, by Medoc, out of Morocco, by Tiger.
L. Sanders, jun., names b. f. Julia Dumont, by McDuffie, dam by Turpin's horse.
John Clarke names b. c. Hawk-eye, by Sir Lovell, dam by Sir William.

On the same day, a Sweepstakes, One mile out, for 3 yr. olds, ent. $25.

Lewis Sanders, jun., names b. c. by McDuffie.
Dr. L. Sanders names b. f. by Trumpator.
Ben. Luchett names ch. f. by Jackson, dam by Sumpter.

Second Day—Purse $300, Three mile heats, ent. $30.
Third Day—Purse $200, Two mile heats, ent. $20.
Fourth Day—Sweepstakes, Mile heats, ent. $50, free for all ages, to remain open up to the evening previous to the race.

On the same day, at 3 o'clock, a Post Stake for 3 year olds, that have never won a race, ent. $50. BEN. LUCKETT, *Secretary.*

Elkhorn, Ky., Sept. 1, 1837.—[S 16]

SWEEPSTAKES, HAMPTON COURSE, GEORGIA.

THE following Sweepstakes are to be run over the Hampton Course, near Augusta, Ga., at their regular annual meetings.

In all cases where there is a privilege of declaring off, the lesser forfeit must be paid to the Treasurer of the Club as much as two weeks previous to the race, or the party entering will be bound for the larger forfeit. The Club will appoint the day of running. When there are more than one Sweepstakes to be run at the same meeting, there shall be two days intervene, in order to enable gentlemen to run the same colt in both Stakes. The shorter race shall come off first. The death of the colt, or the demise of its owner, cancels the entry. An entry may be changed before the day of closing, and all entries must be made before that day. An entry mailed within that time, with the Postmaster's stamp or certificate, shall be deemed valid.

NOW OPEN.

Sweepstakes for 1839-40.

1st. For colts and fillies foaled in 1836; ent. $250, ft. $125, declaration $50; five or more to make a race. To name and close 1st Jan. 1838. Mile heats.

SUBSCRIBERS.

1. John P. C. Whitehead names ch. f. Andrew Anna, by Andrew, dam by Sir Walter.
2. John G. Winter names b. c. Billy Harris, by Tonson, dam by Ariel.

2d. For colts and fillies foaled in 1836; ent. $500, ft. $250, declaration $75; five or more to make a race. To name and close 1st Jan. 1838. Mile heats.

3d. For colts and fillies foaled in 1836; ent. $1000, ft. $500, declaration $100; four or more to make a race. To name and close on or before 1st Jan. 1838. Two mile heats.

Sweepstakes for 1840-41.

1st. For colts and fillies foaled in 1837; ent. $250, ft. $125, declaration $50; five or more to make a race. To name and close *before* 1st Jan. 1838. Mile heats.

2d. For colts and fillies foaled in 1837; ent. $500, ft. 250, declaration $75; five or more to make a race. To name and close on or before 1st Jan. 1838. Mile heats.

SUBSCRIBERS.

1. J. G. Guignard enters produce of Empress, by Henry—colt by Rowton.

For colts and fillies foaled in 1837; ent. $1000, ft. $500, declaration $100, four or more to make a race. To name and close on or before 1st Jan. 1838. Two mile heats.

SUBSCRIBERS.

1. Col. W. Hampton enters produce of Emmy, imp., by Magistrate—colt by Rowton.

Sweepstakes for 1841-42.

1st. For colts and fillies foaled in 1838; ent. $250, ft. $125, declaration $50; to name and close before 1st Jan. 1838. Mile heats.

2d. Ent. $500, ft. $250, declaration $75.

3d. For colts and fillies foaled in 1838; ent. $1000, ft. $500, declaration $100; to name and close on or before 1st Jan. 1838. Two mile heats.

SUBSCRIBERS.

1. Col. W. Hampton names produce of Bay Maria, by Eclipse—Colt by Rowton.
2. " " " Augusta, by Crusader—Colt by Rowton.

Stallion Stakes, Foals of 1838.

Entrance $1000, ft. $500, declaration $250. To name and close on or before 1st April, 1837 To come off 1841. Three or more entries to make a race.

SUBSCRIBERS.

1. Col. W. Hampton names the get of Rowton. [A1]

FINE BROOD MARE FOR SALE,

BY ECLIPSE, out of *Sally Slouch,* by Virginian, 6 years old this Spring. She has fine size and action, and is remarkably handsome. Coming of the good old fashioned stout and lasting sort, with a pedigree second to none, a more desirable mare for the breeding stud is rarely to be purchased except at an enormous price. She will be sold at a bargain if applied for immediately, and may be seen within a few hours' ride of this city. Apply to the editor of the Spirit of the Times, 157 Broadway. [A26]

IMPORTED MARE WOODBINE

FOR SALE.—The Imp. mare *Woodbine* will be sold at public auction on the Four mile day of the 2d Fall meeting, Union Course, at John R. Snediker's Hotel, at 12 o'clock, with her yearling colt and one at foot, both by Imp. *Barefoot.* Woodbine was stinted this season to Imp. *Trustee.* She is a brown, about 9 years old, and was imported by Mr. Head in 1833. Her pedigree will be furnished at the sale. [o7]

COLT FOR SALE.

FOR SALE, a 3 year old colt, of a rich brown color, fifteen and a half hands high, full, and very handsome. He was got by Eclipse Lightfoot, out of Grand Duchess, the dam of Busiris. C. IRVINE.

Philadelphia, July 22, 1837. [Ju29]

FISHING TACKLE.

ANGLERS will find a good assortment of articles in this line, at J. CONROY'S Fishing Tackle Store, 52 Fulton, corner of Cliff-street. Rods and reels repaired. [Jul.]

THEATRICAL.

PLAYS, OPERAS, and FARCES, No. 36 Division St, New York.—TURNER & FISHER import direct from London every Play, immediately on being issued from the press, with the utmost possible regularity and despatch, and keep always on hand the largest assortment of theatrical works in the country.

Managers of Theatres, Ladies and Gentlemen of the profession, Clubs, Amateurs, &c. will find it to their interest to call before seeking elsewhere, as the advertisers assure them that nothing in the play way can be purchased, but which will be found at their establishment, and which will be disposed of on the most accommodating terms.

Now publishing in numbers, "Turner's Dramatic Library of Acting Plays," embracing the most popular pieces of the present day.

Cumberland's British and Minor Drama, Duncomb's British Theatre; Miller's Modern Acting Drama; Strange's edition of Buckstone's Dramas, and Bayly's Farces—complete sets always on sale.

Wholesale orders attended to with promptness.

New plays done up in strong wrappers, and sent by mail to any part of the Union. [d17

RIFLE TACTICS.

THIS is the title of a book recently published in this city, 72 pages, 18vo. The work is well calculated to answer the purpose for which it is intended, and every man belonging to a rifle corps should be possessed of one. Price by the dozen 31¼ cents, and can be had at this office, 157 Broadway. [m13]

DOCTOR CALDWELL

HAS REMOVED from Franklin, to 58 Walker-street, the residence of the late Dr. Bushe, where he will continue his practice as an operative Surgeon and Accoucheur. [J10]

LOUISVILLE HOTEL,

[mh18 6m.] LOUISVILLE, Ky. By S. HASKELL.

THEATRICAL NOTICE.

R. RUSSELL, the Manager of the New Orleans, Natchez, and the Louisville Theatres, can be seen between the hours of 11 and 1 o'clock of each day, at No. 9 Chatham-st. up-stairs, opposite the Park. In the absence of the subscriber, Mr. Thomas C. Graham, Treasurer of the above establishments, will be in attendance, to transact all business, &c.

None need apply but individuals of acknowledged talent.

jy22 RICHARD RUSSELL.

STEAMBOAT CHAMPION.

THE Steamboat Champion having been thoroughly repaired and newly fitted up, will resume her regular trips between Mobile and Pensacola, on Sunday, the 2d inst. and will leave here every other day thereafter, at eight o'clock in the morning, precisely. This steamboat is now in first rate order, and is connected with the Florida Line to Augusta, Georgia, &c. &c. Passengers in going this route, will find it one of the safest and best in the Southern country. Fare from Mobile to Pensacola, $6. E. MURRAY, Master.

N. B. Parties wishing to charter the Champion for trips of pleasure down the Bay, can do so by giving a day or two's notice. [Jl7] Mobile Ala., June 1, 1837.

TO THE FASHIONABLE AND SPORTING WORLD.

FOR DYING THE HAIR, from Grey or Red to a beautiful Black or Brown.—*Mohammed's Turkish Dye* is universally admitted to be the best article ever sent before the public. It is daily superseding every other preparation for the purpose, which is mostly composed of deleterious materials, and must eventually give way entirely to the Turkish Dye. Its operation is almost magical, being applied to the head at night before going to bed; on rising in the morning the transformation is complete. The skin meantime suffers no change, either from discolorment, eruption, roughness, or other cause—its use being attended with no inconvenience or ill consequences whatever.

Price $2. Sold wholesale and retail, by

[At12] H. C. HART, 173 Broadway, corner of Courtlandt-St.

TO ALL WHO KEEP HORSES.

JUST received, a large supply of WADE'S WORM and CONDITION POWDERS, for horses, a medicine well known in England and France, where it has stood the test of experience, and certificates granted by the first veterinary surgeons, recommending all who keep horses particularly to use the powders at this season of the year, in order to promote the animals condition. These powders destroy the worms, loosens the hide, fines the coat, so as to do away the necessity of bleeding, renders the food more nutritive, prevents the animal taking cold after exposure to heat, and are at all times a great restorotive after a hard day's work. They require no restraint in either labor or feeding, and require little trouble in giving, as it is simply throwing the fourth part of the powder into the horse's feed at night.

Agent for New York, J. H. HART, corner of Broadway and Chambers-street, and J. G. Howard, corner of Hicks and Fulton-streets, Brooklyn. [At26]

TO SPORTSMEN.

THE subscriber has received by late arrivals from Europe an excellent assortment of single and double barrel PERCUSSION FOWLING PIECES, manufactered by WESTLEY RICHARDS of London, and other celebrated makers, which he offers on most advantageous terms, wholesale and retail.

N. B. On hand some very fair second hand double barrel, flint lock, Fowling Pieces, to be sold very cheap. Pocket, Holster, Bell and Dewelling Pistols.

[Sept. 16 St.] W. F. WREAKS, 113, Fulton-street.

RACES AND MATCHES TO COME.

Augusta, Ga. - - -	Lafayette Co., Match, $5000 a-side, *Gerow* vs. *Charlotte Barnes*, Dec. 4.
" "	Jockey Club, Lafayette Course, Annual meeting, 1st Tuesday, 5th Dec.
Camden, S. C. - - - -	Jockey Club Fall meeting, 1st Monday in Nov.
Columbia, S. C. - - -	Annual Jockey Club Fall meeting, 3d Tuesday, 21st Nov.
Duke Prairie, Mo. -	Match, $1000 a-side, — m. h., *Quartermaster*, vs. *Mordecai*, 27th Oct.
Elkhorn, Ky. - - - -	Jockey Club Fall meeting, 1st Wednesday, 1st Nov.
Christianville, Va.	Jockey Club Fall meeting, 1st Tuesday, 7th Nov.
Fredericksburgh, Va.	Mulberry Course, Jockey Club Fall meeting, 4th Tuesday, 24th Oct.
Greensboro', Ala. - -	Henry Course, Jockey Club Fall meeting, 5th Tuesday, 31st Oct.
" "	Old Course, Jockey Club Fall meeting, 1st Tuesday, 7th Nov.
Huntsville, Ala. - -	North Alabama Association Fall meeting, last Monday, 30th Oct.
Jacksonville, Ill. - -	Union Race Course, J. C. Fall meeting, 4th Wednesday, 25th Oct.
Little Rock, Arks. -	Jockey Club Fall meeting, 2d Wednesday, 8th Nov.
Memphis, Tenn. - -	Jockey Club Fall meeting, 1st Monday, 6th Nov.
Mobile, Ala. - - - - -	Bascombe Course, Jockey Club Fall meeting 3d Tuesday, 21st Nov.
Milledgeville, Ga.	Jockey Club Fall meeting, 2d Tuesday, 13th Nov.
Nashville, N. C. - -	Jockey Club Fall meeting, 1st Wednesday, 1st Nov.
Newberry C. H., S. C.	Jockey Club Fall meeting, last Monday, 25th Dec.
Nashville, Tenn. -	Match, — heats, $5,000 aside, produce of Bertrand and Eclipse, of Tenn. vs. produce of Leviathan and Marshal Ney, of Mississippi, Fall, 1838.
Natchez, Miss. - - -	Match, 2 m. h., for 500 Bales Cotton, *Angora* vs. *Rodolph*, 17th May, 1838.
New York City. - -	Union Course, L. I., Second Fall meeting, last Tuesday, 31st Oct.
" " "	Match, $5000 a side, Mile heats, *Henry A. Wise* vs. *Gift*, 2d Fall meeting.
" " "	Match, $2000 a-side, 2 m. h. *Br. to Post Boy*, vs. *Br. to Coronet*, sametime
" " "	Beacon Course, N. J., immediately opposite N. Y. City, First meeting, 1st Tuesday, 7th Nov. The purses are numerous, and the races continue four days.
Nashville, S. C. - -	Jockey Club Fall meeting, 1st Wednesday, 1st Nov.
New Orleans, La. -	Jockey Club Fall meeting, Eclipse Course, 1st Tuesday, 5th Dec.
Opelousas, La. - - - -	Jockey Club annual Fall meeting, 1st Thursday, 2d Nov.
Philadelphia, Pa. -	Camden Co., N. J.—Jockey Club Fall meeting, 4th Tuesday, Oct. 24.
St. Stephens, S. C. - -	Jockey Club annual Fall meeting, last Wednesday, 25th Oct.
Springfield, Ala. - -	Jockey Club Fall meeting, 2d Tuesday, 14th Nov.
Tarboro', N. C. - - -	Fall meeting, 3d Tuesday, 21st Nov.
Trenton, N. J. - - -	Eagle Course, Single Fall meeting, 2d Tuesday, 14th Nov.
Unionville, S. C. - -	Jockey Club Fall meeting, 1st Wednesday, 1st Nov.
Vicksburg, Miss. - -	Match, —— heats, $4000 a-side, on Tuesday previous to Fall meeting of 1837, *Miss Lindsay* vs. Col. Bingaman's f. by Leviathan & Bertrand.
" "	Match, $5000 aside, 1 mile out, *D. Hardeman*, vs. *Bob Collins*, 20th Nov.

For the Spirit of the Times and American Stud Book.

Blood Stock of Arnold Russell, Esq., of Nashville, Tenn.

Eleanor Baronet, a ch. m., 15½ hands high, foaled in 1829, bred by John B. Miller, near Gallatin, Tenn., by Stockholder, her dam by Baronet, g. dam by Bebb's Black Shark, g. g. dam by Barton's Ariel, g. g. g. dam by Roe Buck, out of Timberlake's Virginia mare.

PRODUCE.

1835. Bay colt by second Pacific, (gelded).
1836. Bay colt by Imp. Luzborough, (dead).
1837. Brown bay colt *Oregon*, by Imp. Merman.

Miss Byerley, a claret bay filly, full 15 hands 2 inches high, foaled the spring of 1834, bred by Duke W. Sumner, of Nashville, Tenn., by Pacific, out of Matilda, by him named *Pandora*.—See Am. Turf Reg., vol. 8th, Nov. No., p. 144. This filly has run two races, one at Mount Pleasant, where she was beaten by Hail-storm, the other at Nashville, where she beat Hail-storm and others. She has been in training this Fall, but complained, and has been turned out.

Araminta, grey mare, 15 hands 2¼ inches high, foaled the Spring of 1831, bred by George Elliott, of Sumner Co., Tenn., got by his Jerry, out of Morgiana, (his full sister.) For pedigree, See Am. Turf Reg., 5th vol., p. 352.

PRODUCE.

1835. Bay filly by Imp. Leviathan, (dead.)
1836. Bay colt *John Pleasants*, by Rattler, (now in a stakes.)
1837. Grey colt *Harry Hill*, by Imp. Merman, (and again stinted to him.)

Juliet Feathers, blood bay mare, bred by B. E. Coates, of Davidson Co., Tenn., of fine size, got by Thomas Taylor's Florizel (he by Diomed), dam by Bedford.

PRODUCE.

1834. Ch. colt by a second Pacolet, (gelded.)
1835. Ch. filly by a second Pacific.
1836. Ch. filly *Polly Plummer*, by old Rattler.
1837. Bay colt by John Dawson, (dead.)

Again stinted to John Dawson.

Sam Houston, grey horse, foaled the Spring of 1831, 16 hands ½ an inch high, bred by Samuel Carter, of Davidson Co., Tenn., got by Washington, he out of Rosy Clack; Houston's dam was Lady Randolph, full sister to Carolinian.

Blood Stock of A. B. Newsom, Esq., of Lebanon, Tenn.

The *black filly* sold by me to A. B. Newsom, was sired by Imp. Leviathan, her dam was sired by the Imp. Arabian Bagdad, grandam by Sir Archie, g. g. dam (who was also the dam of Star, Aratus, Nullifier, Snow-Storm, &c., &c.,) was by Imp. Sir Harry, out of the dam of Constitution and Timoleon.

Given under my Hand, this 30th Sept., 1837. Stockley Donelson.

Pedigree of *Alegrantle*, a bay mare, now 17 or 18 years old; she was raised and bred by Mr. H. Cotten of North Carolina (who also bred the dam of *Lady Nashville*); Alegrantle was got by the imported horse Strap (also the sire of Lady Nashville's dam). For pedigree of Imp. Strap, see Stud Book. Sally Andrews, the dam of Alegrantle, was by the imp. horse Jack Andrews—Drusilla, the dam of Sally Andrews, was by Imp. Druid. Drusilla, Mr. Cotten states, was one of the best two and four mile runners in Virginia of her day, and he purchased her as a thorough bred mare; but the gentleman of whom he purchased, dying soon after the sale, he never obtained her pedigree in full.—Alegrantle's produce while my property, is as follows, viz.:—

1. Bay horse colt, by Crusader, 4 years old.
2. Brown filly, by Stockholder, 2 years old.
3. Sorrel filly, by Imp. Luzborough, yearling.

The two first I have sold to A. B. Newsom.

Given under my Hand, this 30th Sept., 1837. Stockley Donelson.

Pedigree of the *bay mare* by Sir Hal, purchased by me of Col. Chas. J. Love. Her dam Zib, was by Sir Arthur, who was got by old Sir Archie. Sir Arthur was a celebrated race horse, and came out of Green's old Celer mare, who was the dam of Bay Yankee, one of the best bottomed four mile mares of her day in Virginia. Zib's dam was got by old Celer, who was got by Janus, who was got by the Godolphin Arabian, out of the famous little Hartley mare. Celer's dam was got by the imported horse Aristotle, who was got by the Cullen Arabian, out of a Crab mare; his g. dam was got by Hobgoblin, and g. g. dam by the Godolphin Arabian. Zib's g. dam was got by Clodius, who was got by Apollo, out of the dam of old Celer; Apollo was one of the best sons of the old imported Fearnaught, out of Col. Spotswood's Cullen Arabian mare. Zib's g. g. dam was got by the old imported horse Fearnaught, who was got by Regulus, who was got by the Godolphin Arabian; Fearnaught's dam was the famous mare *Silver-tail*, who was got by Heneage's Whitemore Jr., dam by Rattle. Darley Arabian, the old Child mare, by Curley's Bay Arabian, out of Vixen, who was got by the Hemesly Turk, out of a Royal Barb mare.—For pedigree of Zib, see Am. Turf Reg., vol. 1, No. 12, p. 627.

Produce of the Sir Hal mare:—

1. Bay colt by Pacific, 3 yrs. old.
2. Bay colt by Stockholder, 2 yrs. old. Both sold to A. B. Newsom

Given under my hand this 30th Sept., 1837. Stockley Donelson.

SWEEPSTAKES—NASHVILLE, Tenn.

WE, the Subscribers, agree to run a Sweepstake race, Two mile heats, sub. $100, p.p., over the Nashville, Tenn. Course, in the Fall of 1839, on the Monday preceding the regular Club Races, over the said course, with colts and fillies then 3 years old; to be subject to Rules and Regulations of said course. Now closed.

Arnold Russell names b. c. John Pleasants, by Old Rattler, out of Arimanta by Jerry.
Wm. G. Harding names b. c. Alpha, by Imp. Leviathan, out of Juliet by Kosciusko.
Thos. Gale names b. c. by Cock of the Rock, dam by Andrew Jackson.
Charles Bossley names gr. c. by Pacific, dam by Sir Richard.
Wilson & Nichol names gr. f. by O'Kelly, dam by Pacific.
Stokeley Donelson names Lily, by O'Kelly, dam by Sir Hal.

WE, the undersigned, agree to run a Sweepstake race over the Nashville Jockey Club Course, on the Monday of the week of the regular Jockey Club meeting, Fall of 1839, Two mile heats, sub. $500, ft. $200, for colts and fillies then 3 years old. The Rules of said Jockey Club to govern. To name and close on or by the 15th Oct. 1837. Three or more to make a race. The winner to give a piece of plate valued at $1000, for another race; the time and the distance to be decided by a majority of the undersigned, the entrance to which will be $100, p p., to form a purse for the second best in the race.

Hugh Kirkman names b. c. Onalaska, by Imp. Leviathan, own brother to Wacousta.
L. P. Cheatham names br. f. by Imp. Luzborough, out of Proserpine's dam.
Henry Baldwin, jun. names b. c. Ediborough, by Imp. Luzborough, d. Betsey Bateman.
Wm. W. Gift names s. c. George Poindexter, by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Sir Archie.
D. Hardiman names gr. f. by O'Kelly, out of Shawnee Squaw by Shawnee.
A. J. Donelson names ch. c. by Membrino, out of Bellessima by Imp. Strap.
John S. Bryant names s. f. Corolet, by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Arab.
Head & Wooden names s. c. by Old Rattler, out of Magnolia by Mons. Tonson.
G. W. Cheatham names br. f. by Imp. Luzborough, dam by Sir Charles.
N. Davis names b. c. Bissextile, by Imp. Leviathan, out of Kitty Clover.
Samuel Ragland names ——.
Livingston Leavell names s. c. by Imp. Leviathan, out of Parasol by Tiger.

CRITERION STAKES.—We, the undersigned, agree to run a Sweepstake race over the Nashville Jockey Club Course, for 4 year olds the Spring of 1841. Four mile heats, sub $1000, ft. $250, 6 or more to make a race. Each gentleman entering to name the color of the colt or filly, and likewise the sire and dam. The race to be run on the 3d Wednesday in May, 1841; the present Rules of said course to govern, and the entries to close on the 1st July, 1838. If man or horse die, he is exempt from the above obligation.

Henry A. Clay names ch. f. by Imp. Margrave, out of Lady Alert.
L. P. Cheatham names ch. c. by Imp. Merman, out of Kitty Ann by Ogle's Oscar.
John Radick names br. c. by Imp. Chateau Margaux, out of Anna Maria by Imp. Truffle.
Balie Peyton names ——.
A. Russell names ——.
Thomas Kirkman names b. f. Sissy, by Imp. Leviathan, out of Imp. Gutty.
Head & Wooden names s. c. Outrage, by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Mons. Tonson.
George Elliott names ——.
Hugh Kirkman names ——.
Alexander Barrow names ——.
Samuel Ragland names ——.

[o21]

THE BEACON COURSE,
OPPOSITE THE CITY OF NEW YORK.

THIS New Course is so far completed as to justify the certain expectation that a meeting will take place this Fall—the First Tuesday in November next—being the week succeeding the meeting on the Union Course, Long Island.

This beautiful course is in sight of Broadway, and the splendid view from Bergen Heights, on which it is situated, will alone repay a visit. The view from the Stand erected for spectators will rival in prospect the far-famed West Point. The fixtures, when entirely completed, in comfort and splendor, will not be surpassed by any similar establishment in the Union.

The actual expense of getting *to* the course need be but the price of ferriage (6d.) as the walk is a pleasant one to the course.

As a misunderstanding has prevailed very generally in regard to members of the Union Club (many supposing erroneously that unless present and attending they were not bound to pay Club money), there will be no Club at the Beacon Course. Any person belonging to a regular organized Club in the United States, or introduced by such, can procure a ticket for the meeting, which will entitle them to the privilege of the enclosed space, Ladies' Stand, Club Stand, and free admission to any part of the Course for that meeting.

The Regulations of the Union Club as now existing to govern in racing and betting on the Beacon Course, and all differences of opinion to be decided by the Judges of the day.

The purses to be run for will be as liberal as the success of this new course shall warrant, which must mainly depend on the number of those procuring tickets of admission for the week.

For such gentlemen as may not wish to avail themselves of the privileges for the week ample and comfortable accommodations will be furnished at a price commensurate; and for those wishing still cheaper enjoyment these hard times, a second story has been erected for spectators.

Owing to the locality of this Course, from the time of leaving the city to their return, none can present the same facilities, both as to cheapness and expedition.

Another great advantage is here presented that races may take place at a later hour in the day, and in the afternoon, thus giving an opportunity to those fond of the sports of the turf to enjoy the recreation after business is concluded.

The *interior* of the course must of necessity this Fall be rough and unsightly, which will be remedied by the First Spring meeting.

Stables in the neighborhood and at Hoboken, will for this meeting be provided for the race horses attending.

The following purses will be given this meeting:—

FIRST DAY, Tuesday, Nov. 7.

Sweepstakes now open for 3 year olds, sub. $300, ft. $100, Two mile heats. To close 30th October.

Same Day—Sweepstakes now open for 3 year olds, sub. $200, ft. $50, Mile heats. To close 30th October.

Same Day—Purse $100, entrance money to be added to the purse, free for all ages, Mile heats.

SECOND DAY—Purse $300, Two mile heats.

Same Day—A Service of Plate, for a Single Two miles, entrance money depending on the amount of subscription, the winner to take money or plate.

Same Day—Purse $100, entrance money to be added to the purse; free for all ages; Mile heats.

THIRD DAY—Purse $500, Three mile heats.

Same Day—A Sweepstakes now open for 4 year olds and under, sub. $100, and $200 added—to close the evening before the race.

Same Day—Purse $100, entrance money to be added to the purse; free for all ages; Mile heats.

FOURTH DAY—Purse $1000, Four mile heats.

Same Day—Purse $100, entrance money added to the purse; free for all ages; Mile heats.

New York, Oct. 1837. [o21] ALEX. L. BOTTS, Beacon Course.

BLOOD STOCK FOR SALE.

CAPTAIN STOCKTON, of the U.S. Navy, will offer at public sale to the highest bidder, on Friday, the 17th day of November, at Trenton, N. J., the following Thorough Bred Horses.

Stallions.

No. 1.—Powhattan, grey horse, 16 hands high, foaled in 1830, by Monsieur Tonson, out of the celebrated four mile mare, Iris, by Archy. He was a horse of great promise as a racer. He won mile heats and 3 mile heats from good fields, and broke down in running 4 mile heats against Post Boy and Henry Archy.

No. 2.—Dashall, br. h. foaled in 1825, 16 hands high, by Archy, out of Meg Dodds, full sister to Miss Mattie, and Isabella—his dam now owned by Mr. R. L. Stevens, of New York. He was a capital racer himself, and his colts are amongst the most promising in New Jersey. A colt of his get, *Henry A. Wise*, was winner of two out of three sweepstakes which he ran for last Spring, and is matched against the celebrated grey filly *Gift*, for $5000 a-side, to come off at the second Fall meeting of the Union Club. He is also the sire of Mr. J. C. Stevens' filly *Ethiopia*, winner of a match at the late Long Island meeting, and of a colt which has ran with great distinction at the West, owned by Mr. John Frost, and of several other good ones. His colts are remarkable for size and bone, as well as action.

Horses in Training.

No. 3.—Middlesex, ch. h., 16 hands high, by Sir Charles, out of Powancey, by Alfred—her dam Virgo, by Imp. Sir Peter Teazle, out of Castenira, the dam of Archy. There are very few horses in the United States that rank higher for speed or beauty than Middlesex.

No. 4.—Bergen, gr. c. foaled in 1833, by Medley, out of Charlotte Pace. This is a horse of good speed and bottom. For the pedigree of Charlotte Pace see No. 15.

No. 5.—Imported b. h. John Bull, foaled 1833, by Chateau Margaux, dam by Woful—grandam Beningbrough, g. g. dam Highflyer—See English Stud Book. This horse has never been started, but is a colt of great promise.

No. 6.—Ch. c. Somerset, foaled 1834, by Sir Charles, out of the dam of Middlesex.

No. 7—Chesnut filly by Powhattan, out of Blanche, foaled 1835.

No. 8.—B. f. Margaret, by Dashall, out of Monmouth's dam.

Brood Mares.

No. 9—Chesnut mare Powancey, by Alfred, out of Virigo, by Imp. Sir Peter Teazle, out of Castenira, the dam of Sir Archy, with a filly foal at foot by Trustee, and stinted to Monmouth Eclipse.

No. 10—Gray mare Bianca, by Medley, out of Powancey, with a colt at her foot by Trustee, and stinted to Monmouth Eclipse.

No. 11—Chesnut mare Young Nettletop, the dam of Monmouth, by Marshal Duroc, out of Old Nettletop, by Diomed—Imp. horse Old Sharke—Lindsay's Arabian—Lee's Old Mark Anthony—Imp. horse Silver Eye—Imp. horse Crawford—Imp. horse Old Janus—Imp. Mare—See Am. Stud Book, page 361,—with a colt at her foot, by Trustee, and stinted to Dashall.

No. 12—Gray mare Helen, by Lance, dam by Oscar—Expedition, by Imp. Highlander—Fair American, by Lloyd's Traveller—Miss Slamerkin, by Wildair, out of the Imp. Cub mare, by Cub, and stinted to Dashall.

No. 13—Bay mare Amelia, by Lance, out of Monmouth's dam. Stinted to Imp. John Bull.

Terms will be liberal. [o21]

UNION COURSE, LONG ISLAND.

THE SECOND FALL MEETING over the Union Course, Long Island, will commence the last Tuesday in October, 31st inst., and continue four days.

FIRST DAY—Match, Mile heats, for $5000 a-side, h. ft., between the Virginia filly, *Gift*, by Grey-beard, and the Maryland colt *Henry A. Wise*, by Dashall, both 3 years old.

Same Day—Sweepstakes for 3 year olds, sub. $300, ft. $100, Two mile heats.

SUBSCRIBERS.

R. L. Stevens names *Antoinette*, by Nullifier, out of Polly Hopkins.
" " " s. c. by Henry, out of Lalla Rookh.
H. Wilkes names Mr. Newbold's Imp. b. f. by Mulatto.
O. P. Hare, of Virginia, names b. c. *Champaign*, by Eclipse, dam by Sir Archy.

SECOND DAY—Purse $300, Two mile heats.

Same Day—Match, Two mile heats, for $2000 a-side, $500 ft., between the *brother to Post Boy*, and the *brother to Coronet*.

THIRD DAY—A handsome Service of Plate, amount of entrance depending on the number of subs.; the winner to take the money or plate at his option. Two mile heats.

Same Day—A Purse for Mile heats.

FOURTH DAY—Purse $1000, Four mile heats.

Same Day—Purse for Mile heats.

A large number of Southern horses are expected at the meeting.

New York, Oct. 17, 1837. [o21] ALEXANDER L. BOTTS, DAVID H. BRANCH.

WOODWORTH BENEFIT.

THE Box-plan, at the request of the Committee, for the benefit of Mr. Woodworth, is now open at the office of the New York Mirror, where seats may be secured. [o21]

FOSTER'S REPRINTS OF ENGLISH PERIODICALS.—Subscribers to these works, consisting of the Quarterly Review, the Edinburgh Review, the Foreign Quarterly Review, the London and Westminster Review, and Blackwood's, Edinburgh, and the Metropolitan Magazines, are respectfully notified that these esteemed works are now published by the subscriber to the latest period received—the Reviews including the July numbers published in London in August, and the Magazines to September, inclusive, received on the 6th instant, per the packet ship England.

[o21-3t] WILLIAM LEWER, corner of Broadway and Pine-st.

Camden and Philadelphia Jockey Club Races.

THE Fall meeting over this Course will commence the 4th Tuesday, 24th Oct., and continue four days.

First Day—A Sweepstakes for 3 yr. old colts and fillies, Mile heats; ent. $300, ft. $100; 7 subs. and closed—viz:

J. M. Selden names b. c. Pinkney, by Sussex, dam by Eclipse.
Wm. Jones names b. c. by Lovel, out of Ellen by Eclipse.
A. L. Botts names s. f. by Eclipse, out of Phillis.
Isham Puckett names b. c. by Imp. Luzborough, out of Lady Lagrange.
J. S. Garrison names s. f. Sally Bertrand, by Bertrand, out of Sally Hornet.
Wm. Townes names ch. f. Eloise, by Luzborough, out of Mary Wash by Don Quixotte.
Wm. R. Johnson names b. c. by Eclipse, out of J. Goodrum's Virginian mare.

Same Day—A Sweepstakes for 3 yr. old colts and fillies, Two mile heats; ent. $500, ft. $200; 4 subs. and closed, viz:—

Wm. Townes names b. c. by Imp. Fylde, dam by Shylock.
Wm. R. Johnson names br. f. by Sir Charles, out of Polly Peacham by John Richards.
Wm. Wynn names b. c. Picton, by Imp. Luzborough, out of Isabella.
John D. Kirby names b. c. by Imp. Luzborough, out of Silver Tail by Sir Archie.

Second Day—A Match race, Mile heats, for $400, between Mr. Leiper's br. f. and Mr. Cochran's ch. c.

Same Day—Proprietor's Purse $300, Two mile heats; ent. $15.

Third Day—A Match race for $10,000 a-side, $3,000 ft., Four mile heats, between Charlotte Russe and Lady Cliffden.

Same Day—A Purse of $500, Three mile heats; ent $25.

Fourth Day—Jockey Club Purse $1,000, Four mile heats; ent. $50.

Philadelphia, Sept. 26, 1837. [s30] Wm. N. FRIEND, *Proprietor*.

CENTREVILLE TROTTING COURSE, L. I.

THE following Sweepstakes are open to come off during the first week in November next over this course.

Sweepstakes, Three mile heats, under the Saddle, free for all Trotting horses, sub. $100 each, h. ft., to which the Proprietor will add $100, if two start. Three or more to make a race.

Sweepstakes, Two mile heats, under the Saddle, free for horses that never won a purse of $100; sub. $50 each, h. ft., to which the proprietor will add $50 if two start. Three or more to make a race.

Both of these stakes will close on the 19th of Oct. (being the last day of the Fall meeting) at the Course. Nominations to be made by letter, addressed to the subscriber, and deposited by 5 o'clock in a box prepared for that purpose.

Centreville, L. I., Oct 7, 1837. JOEL CONKLIN, *Proprietor*.

MILLEDGEVILLE (Ga.) JOCKEY CLUB RACES.

ON the 2d Tuesday in November next the races over the Milledgeville Course will commence, in the following order.

First Day—Mile heats, for colts, a fine Silver Pitcher and Cup, worth -	$150
Second Day—Two mile heats, free for all, Purse - - - - - -	300
Third Day—Three mile heats, free for all, Purse - - - - - -	600
Fourth Day—Four mile heats, free for all, Purse - - - - - -	800
Fifth Day—Mile heats, best 3 in 5 - - - - - - - - -	350

☞ The money to be hung up each day.
☞ The Races to be governed by the Rules of the Lafayette Course, Augusta.

[o14] HENRY F. YOUNG & Co., *Proprietors*.

DOYLE AND MAY

DEALERS in American and English Crown Window Glass.
sr93t No. 3 Carondelet street, New Orleans.

A CARD.

GYMNASTIC EXERCISES.—W. Fuller respectfully informs his friends, pupils, and the public, that he has been induced to fit up the upper story of front building No. 29 Ann Street, as a branch of 205 Greene Street.

Fencing and Sparring taught at both establishments. [o21-4t]

DUBUFE'S PAINTINGS.

NOW OPEN FOR EXHIBITION, at the LATE WASHINGTON DIVAN, No. 157 Broadway, two magnificent Paintings, (just arrived from Paris) by the celebrated *Dubufe*, the painter of the much admired pictures of *Adam and Eve*, and a distinguished pupil of *David*, whose modern style bids fair to rival the renowned ancient Artists. To the admirers of the Fine Arts, these paintings offer a treat not surpassed by any thing which has before been exhibited in this country.

One of the paintings, covering 175 feet of canvass, represents a thrilling scene, from Byron's Don Juan, (4th Canto 37th Stanza,) between JUAN, HAIDEE and LAMBRO; and the various passions with which they are agitated, allowing full scope to the pencil of a Master, are most vividly depicted.

The other of smaller dimensions, although nearly as large as life refresents St. JOHN IN THE WILDERNESS sipping the pure stream gushing from a rock, is in the true style of DAVID, and a most finished painting.

Hours of exhibition from 9 in the morning untill 10 at night. Admittance 25 cents. Season Tickets 50 cents.

TRENTON (N. J.) RACES—EAGLE COURSE.

THE Fall meeting will commence on the second Tuesday, 14th Nov. 1837, and continue three days.

First Day, at one o'clock—A Purse of $200, Two mile heats.

Second Day, at one o'clock—A Purse of $400, Three mile heats. Also, the same day, a Purse of $100, Mile heats.

Third Day, at one o'clock—Citizens' Purse $900, Four mile heats. Several Sweepstakes will also come off, of which further particulars will soon be given.

Entries for all purses must be made at the Pavillion on the day previous to each race, by 3 o'clock P. M., describing the name and age of the horse, and the dress of the rider.

On each day of the races an extra line of cars will leave the Philadelphia Rail Road Depot at half-past 9 o'clock A. M., and land passengers at the Eagle Hotel in time for the races. Returning they will leave the Eagle Hotel at 5 o'clock P. M. Fare for the excursion, $1,50. A list of the horses that are entered for each purse will be published in the Pennsylvanian, and Public Leger, Philadelphia, on the morning of each race. Should the weather prove cold, all the apartments at the course will be furnished with good fires during the meeting.

As an unusual number of horses is expected, those that have not procured stables would do well to make early application to the subscriber, at the Eagle Hotel.

Trenton, N. J., Oct. 10, 1837. [o14] O. BAILEY, Secretary.

VALUABLE BLOOD STOCK FOR SALE.

THE following Brood Mares and Colts, belonging to the estate of the late John C. Craig, Esq., are to be sold at the Camden, N. J. Race Course, on Thursday morning, the 26th instant, at half-past 11 o'clock. Terms made known at sale.

1. Imp. mare Invalid. For pedigree see Turf Register.
2. Her two last colts by Shark.
3. Fairy, ch. m., by Herod, dam by Diomed. Also her colt by a Medley horse.
4. B. f., 3 yrs. old, by Nullifier, out of Fairy; Nullifier was by American Eclipse, out of Mr. F. Corbin's celebrated mare Roxann, the dam of Star, &c. &c.
5. Betsey, sorrel mare, by Eclipse.
6. Bay Colt, 3 yrs., by Eclipse, out of Betsey Archy.
7. Bay Colt, 18 months, by Shark, out of Fair Rachael, a grey mare, and celebrated four mile horse Dolon, dam by Goldfinder, grandam by Quicksilver. Dolon was by Old Diomed.

Philadelphia, Oct. 10, 1837. [o14] E. C. BIDDLE, 215 Spruce street.

CLUB BOAT FOR SALE.

THE Club Boat FAIRY, 28 feet long, with oars, cushions, &c. &c., complete, is offered for sale. She is the fastest boat of her length in New York, having beaten the *American*, and won the great match on the 2d inst. against the *Brooklyn*, for $1000 a-side. Apply to

[o14-3t] PHILIP BRASHER, 55 Pine-street.

THE GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE,
The Largest and Cheapest Publication in the United States.
NOW PUBLISHING IN MONTHLY NUMBERS,
EDITED BY WILLIAM E. BURTON, PHILADELPHIA.

THE proprietors have much pleasure in announcing to the reading public the complete success which has attended the establishment of this Magazine—a success far beyond their utmost expectations, and considerably exceeding the prosperity of any other publication in America. The daily increasing subscription list, and the numerous commendatory notices of the Press, attest the merits and the popularity of the *Gentleman's Magazine*, each number of which contains *more Original Matter than any other Monthly Publication in the United States.*

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An Engraved Title Page, of superior production, embracing every possible variety of Pictorial Display, and executed in the first style of art, by J. A. Adams, of New Ysrk, accompanies the October Number.

TERMS.

Three Dollars per annum, payable in advance.

To induce subscribers to forward their names immediately, the publisher begs leave to offer the following extra inducements for Clubbing, the advantages of which proposition can only remain in force till Christmas next. The subscription to the Gentleman's Magazine will, for a single copy, be invariably Three Dollars per annum, payable in advance—but a Five Dollar Bill will produce Two Copies to the same direction, or a Club of Ten Dollars will command Five Copies. [o14]

COLUMBUS (Miss.) JOCKEY CLUB FALL RACES.

THE Fall Races over the Hyde Park Course, will come off on the 16th Oct., with the following Purses:—

First Day—Sweepstake for colts and fillies, 3 yrs. old last Spring, Mile heats, $200, entrance, h.f.; 3 or more to make a race, and close 10th Oct. Entries made by address to Proprietors, at Columbus, Miss.

Second Day—Sportman's Purse $250 entrance, p. p. Two mile heats; two or more to make a race; to close first day of the races, and free for all ages.

Third Day—Purse $500, Three mile heats, free for all ages; ent. $25.

Fourth Day—Purse $1000, Four mile heats, free for all ages; ent. $50.

Fifth Day—Proprietor's Purse $300, best 3 in 5; free for all ages; ent. $15.

This is now one of the handsomest and best improved Courses in the South. Racers travelling south to Mobile and New Orleans will find it both convenient and to their interests to come by this way, as the time of the races here will allow them to take either the Alabama or Mississippi route to Mobile and New Orleans, and run at all intermediate places. Race horses will be accommodated with stabling and litter gratis, by the

Columbus, Miss., Aug. 15, 1837. THE PROPRIETORS.

JOHN GILBERT

BEGS to inform his friends and the public that he has commenced the Commission Business in the City of New York. Liberal advances will be made on Cotton and all other articles of produce consigned to him. He will also purchase merchandise for country merchants on order, at 2½ per cent commission, and exercise his best judgment and taste in the selection of goods.

From a long experience in mercantile pursuits, having attended to a general business in one of the Southern States for many years, and the last five years in this city, he hopes to receive a liberal patronage. The utmost despatch and an unflinching adherence to instructions will be strictly observed.

Office No. 156 Pearl-street, New York. [s16-4t]

GREENSBORO' (Ala.) J. C. RACES,

OVER THE HENRY COURSE, will commence on the 5th Tuesday, 31st day of October next.

First Day—A Sweepstake for 3 yr. old colts and fillies, ent. $100, h. ft.: Mile heats; 3 or more to make a race. To name and close 1st September, 1837.

SUBSCRIBERS.

A. Webster. Saml. H. Early. N. B. Starke. Wm. M. Inge.

Second Day—Proprietor's Purse, $300; free for all ages; ent. $20. Two Mile heats.

Same Day—A Sweepstake for 3 yr. old colts and fillies, ent. $200, h. ft.; Two Mile heats, 3 or more to make a race. To name and close 1st September, 1837. Now one Subscriber—Wm. M. Inge.

Third Day—Jockey Club Purse, $1000; ent. $50; $200 to be awarded to the second best horse in the race, provided he saves his distance. Four Mile heats.

Fourth Day—A Poststake for 3 yr old colts and fillies; ent. $200, p. p.; Two Mile heats; now one Subscriber—Wm. A. Verell.

Same Day—A Sweepstake, free for all ages (weights for age), ent. $200, p. p.; Two mile heats.

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Fifth Day—A Sweepstake for 4 yr. olds; ent. $500, p. p. Two Mile heats.

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Any communication addressed to either of the Proprietors, Greensboro', will be attended to.

H. A. TAYLOE,
J. C. BRANCH,
Greensboro', Ala., June 22d, 1837. [Jy15] ROBT. BEVERLEY.

SWEEPSTAKES—MULBERRY COURSE, Va.

THE following Stakes are to be run over the Mulberry Course, near Fredericksburgh, Fall meeting, 1837, to commence the 4th Tuesday in Oct.

A Post Stake for 3 yr. olds, Two mile heats; sub. $150. To close the evening preceding the 1st day's race.

A Post Stake free for all ages, Two mile heats; sub. $200. To close 1st Oct.

A Produce Stake for colts and fillies foaled Spring, 1838, to run Spring, 1841, then 3 years old; Mile heats; sub. $500, ft. $200. To name and close 1st Jan., 1838. Now 10 subs.

Lynchburg, July 5, 1837. [J15-tls] J. H. OLIVER, *Proprietor*.

NEW-YORK SPIRIT OF THE TIMES;
A METROPOLITAN GAZETTE OF THE
SPORTING, LITERARY AND FASHIONABLE WORLD.

WILLIAM T. PORTER, EDITOR.

A NEW VOLUME (the Seventh) of this paper was commenced on the 18th of February, 1837, being the *second* volume of a New Series, that was commenced on the 20th Feb., 1836. (The Old Series comprised Five Volumes, and a supplement of four numbers.) Great care is taken to forward THE SPIRIT OF THE TIMES strongly enveloped and legibly directed, by the earliest mails, to its different subscribers throughout the Union, and particular attention is paid to its punctual and safe transmission, by ship, to foreign ports.

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